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106.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK EXCH.

WEEK ENDING MARCH 31, 1900.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

Refreshing—Nourishing—Sustaining.

**CADBURY'S
COCOA**

WHOLLY FREE FROM ALL ADMIXTURES
SUCH AS KOLA, MALT, HOPS, &c.

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Subdues INFLAMMATION,
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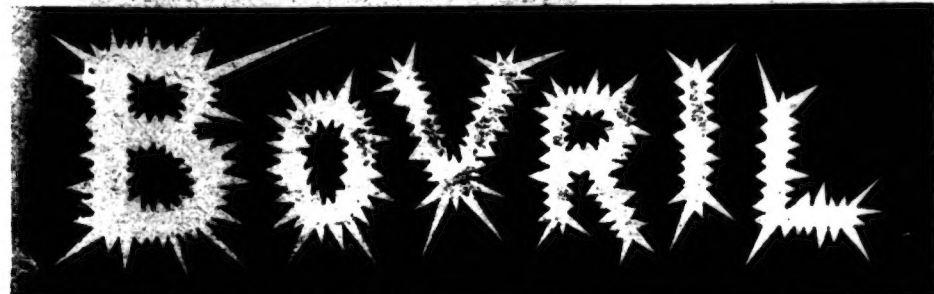
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South Africa, and the hundreds of thousands of emergency rations
shipped to the Cape for use in the Transvaal Campaign.

If all the Germans and Frenchmen in Great Britain to-day were to arm secretly, and suddenly concentrate at several points for the purpose of assisting the landing of a foreign army corps, what would happen? Read Mr. Louis Tracy's great story on page 629.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

"PEARSON'S WEEKLY" INSURANCE COUPON.
 The signing of this coupon by the purchaser will be sufficient to entitle his or her next-of-kin or legal representative to the benefits of the £1,000 Railway Insurance, and the £100 Cycling and Football Insurance, provided the conditions of the insurance coupon have been fulfilled.
 Signature: _____
 Available from 5 p.m., Friday, March 23rd, 1900, until midnight, Saturday, March 31st, 1900. For full particulars see page 632.

No. 506.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK STATION.

WEEK ENDING MARCH 31, 1900

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[ONE PENNY.]

BERTHA had never before seen an ox with its large, well-formed horns.
 "Oh, mamma!" she exclaimed with wide-open eyes, "just see that animal's handle-bars."

LITTLE three-year-old Bessie was trying to dress herself one morning and managed to get her clothes badly mixed. Calling to her mother, she said:
 "Oh, mamma, come and help me; I'm all up-side out!"

WIFE: "John, I wish you'd go into Coffee and Co.'s when you're in the town and see why they haven't sent up the groceries I ordered by post-card two days ago. It's shameful to neglect my order so. Just give them a good scolding, will you, John?"
 John: "I will go there and see Mr. Coffee himself about it."

John (an hour later): "Mr. Coffee, here's an order on this post-card that I've carried in my pocket for two days. I wish you'd get the goods up to the house early this morning, will you, please?"

A Natural Question.

At a church recently there was a song service, and one mother took her little five-year-old daughter to it. One of the selections was "I Love to Steal Awhile Away." It was drawn out in the good, old-fashioned way to the end, and the little miss, after the first line, seemed to be lost in study.

In the midst of the prayer that followed, she climbed up on the seat beside her mother, and in a stage whisper asked:

"Mamma, what are 'whileaways,' and what do good people want to steal them for?"

"A WOMAN, I notice, always lowers her voice to ask a favour."

"Yes, and raises her voice if she doesn't get it."

FIRST SEEDY MASHER: "I like cool weather for one thing."

Second Seedy Masher: "What's that?"

"You can button your coat up to your chin without creating the suspicion that it is the absence of a clean shirt that forces you to do it."

MOTHER (to Frank): "How is it that you're late home nearly every afternoon?"

Frank: "Well, no wonder; we've got such a big clock in our school."

Mother: "Why, what has the clock to do with it?"

Frank: "'Cause it's so big it takes the hands an awful long while to get round it. If we had a clock like papa's little one, I'd get home a great deal quicker."

His Great Work.

A LIVERPOOL man, who has written a book, was telling about it the other day to a friend who had once done him a service.

"By the way," said the author, "I would be delighted to give you a copy of my work, if you care for it."

"I should be more than pleased to have it," was the reply, "especially if you will write your name in it."

"All right. There's a book shop just round the corner. If you will accompany me we will go there and get it. I don't happen to have a copy in my office just now."

After they had stopped to glance at some of the new things in the book shop the author called a clerk, and, pushing his chest out very far, asked for the novel that he had written.

"Yes, sir," the clerk said. "We have it here somewhere, I believe, but you are the first one who has ever asked for a copy, and it may take me some time to find it. Wouldn't something else do just as well? We have a great many better books at the same price."

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The Story of Life.

ONLY the same old story, told in a different strain;
 Sometimes a smile of gladness, and then a stab of pain;
 Sometimes a flash of sunlight, again the drifting rain.

Sometimes it seems to borrow from the crimson rose its hue;
 Sometimes black with thunder, then changed to a brilliant blue;
 Sometimes false as Satan, sometimes as Heaven true.

Only the same old story, but oh, how the changes ring!
 Prophet and priest and peasant, soldier and scholar and king;
 Sometimes the warmest hand-clasp leaves in the palm a sting.

Sometimes in the hush of even, sometimes in the mid-day strife.
 Sometimes with dove-like calmness, sometimes with passion rife.
 We dream it, write it, live it, this weird, wild story of life.

A Lady Collects Football Trophies.

"My collection of football jerseys is quite unique," said a lady to P.W. "I have nearly five hundred of one sort or another, and more than one has a history. Look at this—an amber and black fragment belonging formerly to the captain of a Yorkshire club. Its wearer married a lady of great wealth, and I begged the worn garment."

"An old woman who takes in washing does a deal of work for football players. The discarded garments are frequently passed over to her to use as dusters and floorcloths, and those belonging to noted men I secure, cut out the worst portions, repair, and add them to my collection."

"How have I gained such a quantity?"

"You may well ask. Chiefly through the post. I write a very gracious letter to some noteworthy player, describe my collection, and solicit a worn jersey. Rarely, indeed, have I been refused. You would be surprised to see how readily they respond. One gentleman not only sent the desired parcel, but inclosed his photograph—a very pleasing addition."

"Very frequently the parcels are accompanied by a note or a letter (I always forward a stamped envelope), and these I save—I may compile a football album some day."

"A laughable experience I had the other day. My parcel—from a Lancashire full-back player—embraced a discarded field-boot, a jersey, and a doll dressed as a captain in the regulation costume club colours, and a baby football all complete. I am still undecided how to word my letter of thanks to the giver, for a special missive his generosity certainly merits."

"Oh, yes; it is a harmless and fascinating hobby; but I pity the football knights if it finds many enthusiasts. Why, we should tear the very clothes off their backs and render them crazy by too-frequent application."

It was one of the first warm days, and little Mabel, aged four, who had been playing with some neighbouring children, rushed into the house and, throwing herself across her mother's lap, exclaimed:

"Oh, mamma, take off some of my clothes! I'm a whole petticoat too hot!"

THE Mean Man was looking happy. "Whose feelings have you hurt now?" he was asked.

"My nephew's," he said. "I have just sent him a letter asking him to accept the inclosed ten-pound cheque as a little birthday gift."

"But where does your speciality come in on such a proposition as that?"

"I didn't put in any cheque."

"I THINK our little Mabel will be a dressmaker."

"Why?"

"Well, we noticed she was pouting. She said her temper was ruffled because there was a stitch in her side, and she wished to be tucked in her little bed."

MRS. NEWWED: "John, I want a new hat."

Mr. Newwed: "Well, really, Marie, I can't afford it."

Mrs. N. (sternly): "I have been looking through your notebook, John, and if you can afford to buy your typewriter new ribbons you can afford to buy me a new hat."

LITTLE Willie having hunted in all the corners for his shoes, at last appears to give them up, and, climbing on a chair, betakes himself to a big book lying on a side table. Mother says to him:

"What is my darling doing with the book?"

"It's the dictionary; papa lookth in the dictionary for things, and I'm looking to thee if I can find my shoeth."

A Soldier's Proposal.

A YOUNG officer was dancing a set of Lancers in a crowded drawing-room with an extremely pretty girl, to whom he made himself most agreeable. After the dance was over, he took her to a chair, and, seating himself beside her, began to mourn his celibacy.

"It is exceedingly easy to remedy that," said she.

"I don't think so at all; in fact, I do not know a girl who would marry me."

She laughed, and replied:

"Just go and ask some one here to-night, and I venture to say you will be accepted by the first."

"Ah! I am not so sure about that. But—will—you—take me?"

"With pleasure."

And a few months later they were married.

PASSENGER: "Hi! guard! My hat's blown off. I shall catch my death of cold."

Guard: "Better not. You're travelling at a penny a mile now; but it's a shilling a mile for corpses!"

MANCHESTER has an accomplished girl who can scream at a mouse in seven languages. To hurl seven languages at a mouse is, however, a great waste of dialects. It is very doubtful if the mouse would understand more than one language.

"WHENEVER she asked me to do anything," soliloquised Mr. Meeker pensively, "I always go and do it, like an idiot."

"Yes," said Mrs. Meeker, who overheard him. "Whenever I ask you to do anything you always go and do it like an idiot."

How a Boer Signs His Name.

THE Boer may be fairly good at handling a rifle, but he is sadly deficient in his ability to handle a pen.

When the average Boer has to attach his name to a document, an air of importance pervades his dwelling for several hours. The children are constantly chided, the patient "vrouw" has a pre-occupied look, and the husband himself puffs even more vigorously than usual at his pipe.

Eventually a corner of the table is cleared and carefully wiped. The family Bible is placed in position, and the sheet of paper requiring the signature placed upon it. An expectant silence falls upon the company.

"Stille!" cries the wife. "Stille, kindetjes, papa gaat sein naam teekn." ("Hush, children, father is about to sign his name.")

The family stands round open-mouthed, and all eyes gaze expectantly upon the paper. With arms bared for the fray, and with pen carefully poised, the Boer bends to his task. The pen is gripped firmly between his horny fingers.

In thick, ungainly scratches, and with slow and painful motion, the pen begins to work, and at the end of about four minutes, the deed is accomplished.

The Twentieth Century Begins on January 1st, 1901, and Potchefstroom is the Capital of the Transvaal.
 IF IT'S IN P.W. IT'S SO.

A HEROIC COWARD.

BY WALTER E. GREGAN.

In the annals of the '84 Transvaal War there is a particularly bright spot which we know as the defence of Lydenburg. Lieutenant Long, with some eighty men, sat for eighty-four days in a few rough huts and a hastily constructed fort, and smiled at the efforts of some 700 Boers for their downfall.

Every man in the little command fought as a hero, sweating through days of hard work and incessant alertness with a pint of water only, living under a hail of bullets, and with two mounted cannon pounding at "Fort Mary," as it was named, after the young wife of the boy commander.

They were days when the prestige of the British arm got an added lustre. The strain was intense; but the spirit of the young lieutenant entered into the whole of his command, and at the end the old merchant service Union Jack, planted in a barrel, had not been struck.

This story is not the story of the siege, but of the making of a hero out of the most unpromising clay that ever went to its building.

Lydenburg means "The City of Sorrows," and if the term "City" is inapt, that of "Sorrows" is not. It is stuck up for all the world to see, 3,000ft. above the level of the sea. It sits on a plateau and is masked by weeping willows, which give it the appearance of a huge cemetery. It is spread widely over the face of the earth, but its houses are few. It is desolate, dreary, deserted. Grass sprouts in its many streets, and men give it a wide berth because it is an ugly place to live in. A strong desert girdles it, and if it were not for its coal and its gold-veined quartz no man would go near it.

When Colonel Anstruther swung out of the town on the road to Pretoria with a convoy and most of his command, leaving the small detachment behind him which was to hold the place for the glory of the 94th, the few English miners, thirsty after gold, grew uneasy. The majority of the inhabitants were Boers, the land was seething with discontent, the insurgents were known to be meditating attack, and the detachment was woefully small.

Among them was a little, spare man—a man with a Cockney twang, a pick and shovel, and a big hope tucked away in his heart. He was a shiftless fellow, with an unholy luck that led him in the wake of other people's good fortune, and denied everything to him. Over the seas was a girl, living at New Cross, who believed in him, and she was exceedingly singular. Nobody else did, nobody thought of him in any way but a contemptuous one. He was out of place in his rough surroundings, he was chaffed and bullied unmercifully, and for the most part he starved helplessly through long days of hard work. He had no grit, no backbone, only the memory of a girl who believed in him, and thought of him often in the gray-laden air of a third-rate eating-house. His acquaintances called him "Gritless Adams," and sneered because he was known to be a coward.

"A white-livered sneak," one man called him, and he acquiesced. He was never stung into retort; he took every insult they liked to offer him in a meek and irritating way. He was 5ft. 3in., and lean at that; he had little muscle, and he was half starved; he had been cuffed all his life, and had never resented it, so that it all came as a matter of course. Yet he was a friendly beggar, and would be loquacious when they let him. And, above all, he knew the country. He had been grubbing about all over its face, looking for something to take the New Cross girl out of the evil-smelling atmosphere of the eating-house and the dominion of a gin-loving mother.

When the men grew uneasy some side wind of the eternal love of fighting which is in most British hearts caught them, and sent them trailing up to the huts where the detachment was busy. They would volunteer. It might be good fun. At all events the soldiers were in good spirits, and the trenches and the stretching of wires looked like business. Besides, the news of Colonel Anstruther's defeat and the presence of mounted Boers in the town set them raging and blazing with anger.

So they went trailing up to the huts, and on the way one, a big Herculean digger with stout arms and a blustering spirit, made the remarkable discovery that "Gritless Adams" was with them.

"Strike me pink, boys!" he said, "Here's 'Gritless Adams'! Bless you, they don't want you up there. This ain't a revoo day. It means bullets and blood."

"Gritless Adams" looked at the man nervously.

"I ain't a-goin' to be left," he said. "I'm British too, I am—sort o' compressed British," he added, looking at the big man. "I ain't brive—I don't make no pretensus I don't, but I might 'elp a bit."

"They don't want a flea up there!"

"A flea bites bloomin' well, an' yer see, Jim, it'll puzzle 'em a bit ter 'it me."

The volunteers were enrolled with the soldiers, and "Gritless Adams" with them. He was useful too, for when the men got a bit down in the mouth at the strain of waiting they turned round and ragged the little Cockney a bit and felt better. His cowardice was soon spread abroad, and the joke of seeing him with a rifle was one that never palled.

"Ere, give 'im a squib—that's more in 'is line," they said; and then they told him stories of the wonderful shooting of the Boers, until his blood ran cold and his teeth chattered.

"They'll carve yer hup," they said. "They're murderous villains, that's whot they is. An' a bullet in yer stum-mick's no joke. Ever 'ad an 'ot skwer run through yer? No? Well, yer'll soon know all abaht it wen the bloomin' Boers come."

At night the little Cockney couldn't sleep much for sheer funk. When he did drop off a bit one or other of the volunteers would rouse him roughly with a tale of the Boers being on them, and roar when he jumped tremblingly

to his feet. At that time, some of the Boers in the town would loose a cartridge or two at night, out of sheer devilry, to the excessive alarm of the Cockney, who shook as though he had the ague.

"Lumme!" one man said, "wouldn't the Widdy be proud o' er bold volunteer! It's bloomin' good of yer ter stand by the British Empire loike this!"

It was no over-mastering patriotic valour that sent "Gritless Adams" in the ranks of the Lydenburg defenders. He knew he was a coward, he would rather have been in any other place on earth than where he was, he suffered untold agonies every minute of the day and most of the night, and his rifle was likely to be more dangerous to his comrades than to the insurgents. The real reason of his going was the untidy, pale-faced, plain little girl in the New Cross eating-house. He had had a letter from her when the disaffection had commenced. That letter was the reason of his volunteering.

The Mary over the seas believed in him. He was a hero to her. Women must have heroes to worship, and it is curious what extraordinary stuff they make them out of sometimes. It is impossible that any woman made one out of more unpromising material than did the New Cross eating-house girl. She heard some well-informed potmen discussing the Transvaal affairs. They knew that if it came to a fight "every bloomin' Britisher was worth ten of them Boers," and when they added that every British colonist would rise to the occasion her imagination ran riot, and she saw the pale, under-sized, ugly little Cockney doing deeds of surprising heroism. All this she wrote in a very ill-spelt letter to "Gritless Adams," and "Gritless Adams" had offered his services to Her Gracious Majesty in her time of need.

"I ain't a-going back on 'er, I ain't. She's the only pussen whot believes in me, an' blow me if I don't go through wif it! She'll never know as 'ow I 'ad the bloomin' 'ump all the blessed toime. It'll please 'er to know as 'ow I volunteered. If I'm bowled hout"—he shivered considerably at this—"they'll never let on to 'er—not they!"

So "Gritless Adams" shivered in the grip of a blue funk, and dug and helped to build the rough fort with the ant-hill cement, and made sport for his fellows all on account of the riotous imagination of a young lady in New Cross who read surreptitiously highly spiced fiction.

One day the Boers, 700 stalwart, sun-baked men, came and sat down in front of Lieutenant Long's meagre command, and spat bullets at the rough defences. Two guns they had with them were placed in position, and threw shot at "Fort Mary," and its bark thrilled "Gritless Adams" like an electric battery.

Sometimes he lay down and trembled, sometimes he merely ducked and trembled, but whatever he did, and wherever he was, when the big Boer guns barked he trembled. He worked very hard when the firing was not heavy, and was peculiarly humble and conscious of his own cowardice. One young fellow, whose lips grew a little blue when the bullets sang overhead and the big guns hummed accompaniment, whose eyes contracted a nasty trick of blinking, and who was generally pale about the gills, grew quite vain when he discovered that "Gritless Adams" was in a worse state. And vanity put more heart into him than all the chaff of the mob, so that the little Cockney was useful in many ways.

When the real work began and the rifles spoke and the bullets came singing into the huts, the little Cockney gave up all pretensions to martial glory, forsook his rifle, to the considerable relief of his mates, and found handy jobs in looking after the wounded and making the endless succession of sand bags that were stuffed into breaches for the gun practice of the Boers. At this latter work he was particularly good.

"I served my toime to a jobbin' tyler," he said. "In New Cross it was. Lumme, that was abaht the strictest toime I ever seed. Wish I'd stuck ter hit. Wiges poor but reg'lar—wittles not luddahurous but reg'lar. 'Ere nuffin's reg'lar but starvation an' bad luck. We ain't even reg'lar sojers, only bloomin' volunteers."

When the water had been cut down time after time as the amount in the well panned out, when the tense strained look came into the faces of the men, and the rude hospital was crowded inconveniently, the young commander grew troubled. Typhoid had joined hands with the Boers, and was doing his work stealthily and treacherously. The small body was growing smaller, the strength of his men was failing just as their work was increasing, and they were still ringed by the enemy. Then it was known that the Lieutenant wanted a volunteer to get through with a despatch.

"E's a well plucked 'un!" said the Herculean digger. "E won't ask us to our floss, 'cos we're volunteers an' aren't reg'lar professionals, only bloomin' amytoors. We mightn't loike not ter hoffer seein' 'e asked us, but not arskin' needn't mind. The sojers don't know the lie o' the ground at all, an' we don't much. But our little's better'n their nuffin, so I guess we'll jes' volunteer agine."

All were willing, and then the youngster, swelling with pride and anxious to remind himself how very inferior "Gritless Adams" was to himself, said:

"'Gritless Adams' does know the country. Let's persuade him to go!"

There was a laugh, cut short by the whistle of a round shot, at which the youngster curled up on the ground. Then they saw the Lieutenant and the little Cockney coming towards them deep in conversation. The thin wizened man looked thinner and more abject than ever. Every volunteer laughed again at the thought of his sneaking out on a long and perilous journey alone.

"Boys," said the Lieutenant, "Adams has volunteered to take a message through to Delagoa, and wire it from there. It is a brave offer."

The men stared at each other in open-mouthed astonishment. Then they looked at the little man, nervously gazing out at the white splashes where the Boers were firing desultorily, starting at the reports, twitching with nervous

terror, pale as a ghost, and they roared again. It certainly was funny. The little coward going to do this thing? It was absurd!

The Lieutenant frowned and put his hand on the little Cockney's shoulder, at which he started.

"He'll go through with it, if any man can. He's no end plucky." Then he turned on his heel and left them.

"Whot bloomin' gime's this, Adams?" asked the big man.

"Tisn't a gime—leastwise not ter me, nohow. It's serious. Yer see I knows the wye pretty well, as I knows the wye ter the Mile End Road. So I ort ter go."

"But you, 'Gritless Adams,' they'll shoot yer if they catch yer."

"S'pose they will." The little Cockney visibly squirmed.

"Ain't yer funky at all?"

"Funky ain't the word fer it. I ain't a nero. I'm a bloomin' white-livered coward. I feels sick, my stum-mick's a-eavin', but 'ang me I'm goin' through with this. Cos why? Cos I've got a gel a'll be proud of me—espeshully hif they publishe my fotygraf in LLOYD'S. Besides I'm a little beggar, an' can slip through places you couldn't, Jim. They'll 'ave ter 'ave skinned eyes ter see me. I ain't goin' ter run no extry risks, you bet."

The men let it rest at that. They made no more jokes; they went out and dug trenches, and stuffed sandbags into places the Boer guns had made draughty, all in a quiet bewildered fashion. Once the big man Jim stopped working for two minutes and cursed softly under his breath, and once he went over to the youngster who had been harder on the little Cockney than anybody else and hit him full in the chest, knocking him down. Then he went on with his work in a serious mood.

That night "Gritless Adams" sneaked out in the dark, tripped and stumbled over the stretched wires, wormed his way very quietly for a hundred yards, and then stopped and looked back. He felt very lonely and very frightened. The black shadow of the fort looked far away, the night was heavy and dark, and he suddenly realised more fully than ever what he was doing. For a moment the temptation to return and give up the dangerous document was almost irresistible. He shook in every limb. The weeping willows, very shadowy in the dark, were Boer sentries to him; danger and death were everywhere except in the huts in the rear. He felt his determination giving way. So great was the temptation to turn round and bolt that to conquer it he threw himself on the ground.

"If I goes back, it'll git in the pipers, an' Mary'll know whot a funk I am. Think whot it'll be wen she sees that I've be'ived loike a nero. Whoy all the customers'll be proud ter be served by 'er. An' the tips! Blest hif I go back!"

He got up, still very shakily, and moved forward cautiously, feeling for the revolver he would be afraid to use, and handling the big clasp knife Jim had given him at parting with a caution to keep it open, as it "war bloomin' ard ter hopen, bein' a bit rusty at the 'inge."

Slipping and stumbling he moved on. He had taken great care to find out where the Boers were posted, and had discovered that at one point a single mounted sentry kept watch on a slight prominence. The Boer tethered his horse a little behind him, and generally paced his time through on foot, save when he was asleep. "Gritless Adams" clung to the idea of the sleeping sentry. If he could steal up to the horse, mount it and get away, he felt that it would be a long way to safety.

Towards the little hill he crept as noiselessly as might be, though here and there a stone nearly tripped him, and the sound was intensified to his apprehensive ear. He was nearing the sentry, and his heart beat furiously, whilst his knees shook so much that he nearly fell. Fear had got hold of him, and he was shaking like a leaf in a breeze, but he gritted his teeth together and stumbled on over in the direction of the Boer. Presently he came to the foot of the little incline, and there he dropped on hands and knees and crawled upwards stealthily, lacerating himself with the sharp stones. Suddenly he was aware of someone moving above him. The perspiration poured off him and his limbs almost refused to move. The sentry was awake and keeping watch. Doggedly he crawled upwards stifling a groan at every yard, and fighting stubbornly with the fear that was gripping his heart. Ten yards above him the Boer was smoking and lazily stretching his arms.

Suddenly a noise came from the Boer camp, an undetermined noise, indefinite, undefined. The sentry paused and turned slowly in its direction. "Gritless Adams" saw it, saw his chance, and shuddered. Then a vision of the tow-haired goddess of the New Cross eating-house flashed across his brain. He loosened the clasp knife in his belt and drew it out quickly. Then silently he rose and sprang upon the Boer. He was a little, half-starved man, and was no match for the stalwart Afrikaner, but everything was in favour of the one who surprised. He sprang upon his shoulders, and in an instant, before a cry could escape the sentry, the blade of the knife was drawn swiftly across the man's throat. When the sentry shivered and fell the little Cockney fell with him. For a moment he lay prone, hardly realising that his enemy was dead. When he did he was half horrified at his act. He was a peaceful, good-hearted little beggar, and it was the first time a man had died under his hand. Then with a groan he rose and scrambled towards the tethered horse, cut its bonds mounted, and rode away.

A wild adventurous ride brought him to Delagoa, and the message was sent. The quick end of the war robbed the dead of any advantage to the little garrison, for the cessation of hostilities found the British flag still floating above Lydenburg, with no other help to keep it there but the heroism of the small detachment, but the fact detracted nothing from the heroism of the exploit.

In New Cross there is a fresh eating-house, and the proprietor is "Gritless Adams," and his wife—a woman named Mary—is convinced that the world has known no greater hero than her husband.

A Man WHO HUNTS Armies

THIS IS THE SCOUT, WHO IS EVER ON THE LOOK-
OUT FOR THE ENEMY.

A GENERAL commanding, after leaving the railroad, takes every precaution to steal a march upon the enemy: he marches by night, allows no camp fires by day, proceeds as swiftly and quietly as he can, so as to find the opposing army in as great a state of unpreparedness as possible—does all of a thousand and one things, in fact, with this single object in view—when, all in a moment, a man on a hill, say, as far away as the human eye, or the appliances invented to assist it, can reach, on horseback, most likely, sees the first dust that marks the advance of his column, and, in that moment, all the general's secrecy has come to naught.

The chances are that no one of the advancing army sees this man as perhaps he gallops off for a better position of observation, on a higher hill, or to a tall tree to the foot of which he tethers his horse; and if they do he takes pretty good care to remain out of their reach. The nature of his business is nothing so Quixotic as to hold this advancing army at bay single-handed, but rather to note what it is comprised of. To set down on paper an estimate of its numbers, the strength of its different branches—how much artillery, how many cavalry, how many foot soldiers, transports, etc., and the locality the army was in when seen—and then to gallop off post haste, making

A BEE LINE FOR HIS OWN ARMY,
there to report to his general commanding all the details he was able to ascertain.

To do this he has to remain perfectly cool, to keep half an eye open for his own safety—for much of his army's success will depend upon his retaining his freedom while in possession of what information he has—to have his estimates as approximately correct as possible, and to know neither rest nor sleep until he has delivered himself of what he has learned with the utmost dispatch.

For this reason, and none better could be required, such men are most appropriately called the "eyes of the army," and thus far in the campaign now going forward in South Africa the Boers seem to have received the best service from this arm.

In an instance such as the above, the scout may look for no orders, he may depend upon no superior officer to tell him just what to do. He has his work all mapped out for him beforehand, and the manner of his performing it is a matter left entirely to his own discretion. Thus unhampered, being generally a man of exceptional practicability and commonsense, he goes about it after his own native fashion, and if he is a good woodsman his efforts are generally attended with success.

One of the first and most important requirements expected of efficient scouts in the field is a knowledge of the country in which the army they are connected with is operating.

Frequently for days, when acting individually, they may have

NO OTHER COMPANION THAN THEIR HORSE,

so that it is necessary they should know their way about and what roads the enemy may be holding; and when moving in advance of their own army, where every precaution is necessary to prevent against surprises, if they are not familiar with the country in front of them, their services are almost valueless. There have been notable exceptions to this rule, but they were hardly of sufficient importance to warrant a general allowing himself to be governed by them.

From this it will be seen that the Colonial forces raised in South Africa are by far best suited for the present work of this sort with the British forces now operating there.

A remarkable amount of scouting duty is performed at night. The darkness affords such a convenient cloak for hazarding individuals to approach close up to an enemy's position without being discovered, and with powerful night-glasses a vast amount of intelligence may be gleaned that will be of signal importance to a general in the formation of his plans, for the exact situation of the enemy is one of the questions that perhaps gives him the most concern. Some of Colonel Baden-Powell's, the gallant defender of Mafeking, most noteworthy services to the British Army were rendered in this fashion during the Matabele war, and his favourite time for working seemed always to have been at night.

That a man cannot boldly strut up almost to the very breastworks of the enemy, take a look about, and then retire with full information of what he has seen is patent even to the most uninformed layman; and the various ways in which these feats are accomplished are as striking as they are novel.

Some scouts have been known to crawl for miles upon their stomachs, operations that took hours to perform, and required the utmost patience; returning

with the information they sought for without once having been discovered by the enemy's pickets. Others frequently crawl on their hands and knees wherever they can find shadow, falling flat on their faces, and remaining perfectly still upon the least suggestion of a near footfall; proceeding on their way again as soon as it has passed out of hearing, or when in their discretion they deem it wise.

A report has come across the Atlantic that one of the Canadian contingents purposes bringing some North American Cree Indians with them to Africa to act as scouts. If this be true, when once these Indians learn something of the country, their services should prove invaluable, for what these, and all North-American Indians, do not know about woodcraft, any white man may safely set down as really being not worth knowing.

In addition to searching out and finding the enemy, as there are torpedo boats, and then torpedo boat destroyers especially constructed to do away with the former, so to prevent the enemy from carrying on successful scouting operations numbers of these men are

FORMED ON BOTH SIDES INTO PATROLS,

and these patrols perform what might be called advanced picket duty.

An excellent picture of a scout may be conjured up if the reader will imagine a man loosely, almost negligently, dressed, tanned and sunburned as brown as a berry, astride a slim, surefooted horse, his eyes ever peering out along the rim of the horizon line on all sides of him.

His gun he nearly always carries slung across his saddle in front of him, though sometimes he holds it in both hands, the hammer at half cock, and his finger close to the trigger. Thus he is the picture and embodiment of alertness. When on solitary duty he cooks his own meals, finds his own camp, gathers his own forage, and, what is most of all, thinks for himself.

For on his wide-awakeness sometimes depends hundreds of lives, and oftentimes the fate of whole armies.

A Ready Answer.

THEY had a dispute, and agreed to leave it to the military expert.

"What bullet," they asked, "do you consider the deadliest?"

For several minutes he remained in a brown study. Then he looked up with the air of one who had settled the matter finally and definitely.

"The one that hits," he said.

The Waves Kicked.

IN the old theatrical days, before the introduction of "mechanical waves," it was the custom, when a sea scene was wanted, for men to "make" the waves by kicking about under a green cloth tacked across the front of the stage, the men being blindfolded to keep the dust out of their eyes.

One night a "new hand" was asked to tack the cloth down across the stage; but, instead of doing this, he tacked it across the curtain. The wind whistled, the thunder rolled, and—the curtain went up, revealing a body of men lying on their backs, kicking for their lives, instead of the sad sea waves.

The roars of laughter from the audience may be better imagined than described.

The Boer's Seat of Life.

ONE of these Boer farmers, before going to the front, thought it advisable to protect his heart from Tommy's bullets; so he got a piece of iron four inches square and a quarter of an inch thick. He took it to a tailor, with directions to have it put into a waistcoat so as to protect the heart.

The tailor, not knowing much about the "seat of life," put the metal into the seat of a breeches he had made for the Boer.

In the engagement at Spion Kop, the Boer, in company with others, had to run from cold steel. As he was climbing up a rock, one of our soldiers attacked him in the rear with the point of his bayonet, and tossed him several yards away. When he recovered from the shock he searched for the wound, and then found the piece of iron.

Whether he is thankful to the tailor or not for his narrow escape I can't say. Probably he can't appreciate a joke.

"I THINK," said the friend of the family, "that you ought to keep a watch on your son."

"Impossible," declared the disgusted father. "He'd exchange it for a pawn-ticket the first chance he got."

BOY: "You are going to fight against the English, aren't you, Captain Brown?"

Captain Brown (indignantly): "Fight my own people! What on earth put that into your head?"

BOY: "Why, daddy said you were a horrid Boer!"

Animals as Ghost-seers

REMARKABLE CASES WHERE HORSES, DOGS AND
CATS HAVE SEEN SPECTRES FROM THE UNSEEN
WORLD.

INTO the metaphysical or psychological arguments for or against the phenomenon of ghost-seeing we do not, of course, propose to go, not being our province, but following we quote many cases, more remarkable than those in which human beings have posed as the central figures of interest, but where the dog, the cat, and the horse, have in the opinion of adherents participated in the wonders of ghost-seeing.

The editor of a well-known London weekly contemporary told the writer that some five or six years ago he was on the way to see his mother who was at home ill. He was accompanied by his favourite dog and a young lady, who is now his wife. As they were going over Battersea Bridge the lady called out to him:

"Willie, there's your mother playing with your dog!"

"Where? I don't see her," replied the journalist.

"Over there," continued the lady, pointing in the direction where she alleged that she saw her friend's mother.

The journalist strained his eyes in the direction indicated but saw nothing, only his dog jumping about and otherwise conducting himself as if more from fear than pleasure.

Arrived at the house the journalist learnt that his mother had been dead an hour, the time corresponding with that when the young lady suggested the presence on Battersea Bridge.

A clergyman was once called out of his house by the extraordinary howling of his dog, a bright and intelligent animal. He found the dog in the utmost terror and trembling fearfully. Looking round for the disturbing elements the clergyman alleges that he saw the figure of a woman in the garden, a lady he knew well and whom he thought was thousands of miles away. On approaching the figure it disappeared.

Strange and weird as are the foregoing authentic stories, the following incident relating to the visual experience endured by a cat is still stranger.

The daughter of a rural vicar was in her room one night reading, when suddenly her favourite cat, which was curled up on a chair by the fireside, got up and "meowed" piteously. The animal jumped off the chair and arching her back and spitting furiously flew at something unseen in the room. The animal was greatly agitated and showed every sign of terror. Presently the girl saw a fearful old hag standing by the chair the cat had just vacated, and then the figure sat down in it.

The young lady screamed for assistance and fell to the floor. Her mother rushed into the room, when the cat literally leapt over the old lady's head and ran like a mad thing up the flight of stairs, just outside the apartment, and then flew down again, the creature having the appearance of being chased. In the meantime the apparition had vanished, but not so the terror of the cat, for she kept on running up and down the stairs for quite fifteen minutes.

It is on record that a clergyman once returning from preaching in a neighbouring rector's church—this happened in Ireland—his good old mare stopped short, suddenly, afflicted with all the usual symptoms of fear. Voice, whip and rein failed to urge the animal onwards. She swerved from side to side, reared, plunged, kicked and backed, and soon she was a mass of white foam but no inducement prevailed with her to proceed over a certain spot at the cross-roads.

Curiosity conquered doubt, and excavations were commenced at the place the mare shied at, an inquiry with pick-axe and spade that brought to light a human skeleton buried nine feet from the surface. But there was no light in the way of local tradition or record to show how the bones got there.

A gentleman went out riding one morning attended by a groom also on horseback. They were cantering along a country road when they met a farmer's cart containing a body, in charge of two villagers. When within about fifty yards of the vehicle the first rider's horse reared upon his haunches, almost dislodging his rider, and he whinnied from sheer terror. The second horse did the same, but tried to wheel round and bolt back to the place from whence they had started.

Then both riders dismounted and tried to lead their horses past the vehicle. The movement was successful, but only after great tact and exertion.

Many teachers maintain the theory that animals can see the spirits of other animals.

A young horse was one of a pair of handsome bays which a few months before met with a carriage accident just at the foot of the hill. The other died from severe wounds that he received, and it is said that this companion is now conscious of his dead stable companion's presence whenever he is taken over the same spot.

You have heard a lot about big guns during the Boer War. In the new ROYAL you will see some splendid photographs of these monsters of destruction.

Questions Worth Answering.

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REPLIES.

4965. In which Country in Europe is it Easiest to Live a Lazy Life?

Probably in Southern Spain, and particularly in the provinces of Valencia and Catalonia. There the cost of absolute necessities—of course, outside the towns—is considerably less than in England, whilst what are here esteemed luxuries, such as wine, fruit, service, and sport—of the Spanish sort—may be had at trifling cost, either in the way of expense or exertion. The Spaniards themselves are the laziest of Europeans—they will do nothing to-day which they can put off until to-morrow; and, in the South, at least, are mainly content to provide for their needs merely from day to day, happy if they have the wherewithal to supply a smoke and a drink in the village fonda or café, or in some shady spot beyond reach of the sun, whose heat it appears to be the chief business of their lives to avoid. No doubt the climate and natural surroundings help to induce with them, as with the sons and daughters of Italy, these indolent habits of life.

4967. Which was the Most Momentous Question ever Put to Arbitration?

History records some notable instances of arbitration before the Christian era, as well as a large number during the middle ages and afterwards. Thus, we find that in 1298 Pope Boniface VIII. acted as arbitrator between Edward I. and Philip of France. England and the United States have frequently decided their disputes in this manner, as in the Behring Sea controversy and the Venezuela Boundaries dispute. Perhaps the most momentous question ever settled by arbitration was whether England should compensate the United States for great injuries inflicted on its mercantile marine in 1862, 1863, and 1864 by the Confederate steamer *Alabama* and two other vessels, which the English Government had allowed to be fitted up in English ports, and to sail from them, knowing that they were intended to be used against American shipping. The feeling in both countries was very bitter, and war seemed likely to ensue, but this was fortunately averted by an agreement to refer the matter to arbitrators, who decided in favour of the United States, and fixed the damages at £3,196,000.

4968. Which International Dispute of Small Origin Led on to the Most Momentous Issues?

In 1851 Louis Napoleon demanded of the Sultan that the Latin monks should have a key to the great door of the church at Bethlehem; that they should have a key to each of the doors of the Cave of the Nativity; and the privilege of setting up there a silver star bearing the arms of France. After a year of arduous negotiation the Turkish Government yielded, and in February, 1853, the keys were handed over to the Latin monks, and the silver star was established in the sanctuary of Bethlehem. Unfortunately, the Emperor Nicholas, as head of the Greek church, considered this an infringement of his rights, and immediately ordered 150,000 men across the Turkish frontier. At the same time he demanded that the claims of the Christian population of Turkey should be secured by treaty with himself, but the Sultan refused this, with the support of France, Austria, and Prussia. The Tsar then proceeded to seize the Danubian provinces, proclaiming at the same time that he had "no intention to commence war." The central European countries attempted to secure a compromise, but neither party would agree to their mediation, and in October the Sultan declared war. England and France joined him, and so, from such slight beginnings, sprang the most merciless, bloody, and fruitless struggle of the nineteenth century.

4969. What is Meant by "Benefit of Clergy," and when was it Last Used?

"Benefit of clergy" was an ancient privilege exempting the clerical order from trial by civil courts for crime, and is said to have been based on the precept, "Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm." It was established in England in 1176, and was at first confined to those who were clerks by habit or tonsure. The benefit extended to all felonies and to any number of offences, but not to misdemeanours or forest crimes. In 1350 the privilege was conferred upon secular clerks, and was interpreted to include all persons who could read, but the benefit did not avail beyond the first offence, and did not extend to treason. Owing to terrible abuses, this "benefit of clergy" was abolished in 1827 by Act of Parliament. It was proposed to raise this defence when Lord Cardigan was charged with wounding Captain Tuckett in a duel in 1841, if he had been found guilty. This idea was due to doubts as to whether the Act of 1827 repealed an Act of Edward VI., which extended the privilege to all peers, even though they could not read. To remove such doubts another Act was passed, so that "benefit of clergy" can never be pleaded again. The solitary relic of this old privilege is the immunity of clergymen from arrest whilst performing divine service.

4970. Which Country has Best Illustrated in its History the Proverb, "Feather by Feather the Goose was Plucked"?

If the goose be taken to mean the country, Poland would be indicated. In the Middle Ages, Poland was the most powerful state in eastern Europe. By a series of errors and misfortunes she was deprived of piece after piece of her territory, till the whole was gone. In 1772 the first partition of Poland took place, and by 1795 the whole of that unhappy country was appropriated by Russia, Prussia, and Austria. If the goose be taken to represent a person, we should select Louis XVI. When he mounted the throne of France, he was one of the most absolute and powerful monarchs in Europe. The Revolution broke out. One after another he was stripped of his prerogatives and powers, until he became the mere shadow of a king. Finally he was deposed, and put to death.

4971. Which War in its Causes and Circumstances has Most Closely Resembled that which has Broken out between Great Britain and the Transvaal?

The American War of Independence had many points of resemblance to the present conflict, if the important fact be borne in mind that whereas in the former it was the Sovereign Power which was refusing representation, it is the Colonial State which is doing so now. In both instances the cause of dispute lay in the refusal of the franchise to a majority of the tax-payers. The Americans were actuated—certainly more intelligently and sincerely—by the same strong religious feeling so prominent in the Boer character, whilst both gathered their forces from an agricultural and hunting community. On the British side the circumstances were alike in both cases, for in 1775-6, as in 1899-1900, troops in great numbers had to be sent across the ocean, and the dread of European complications—which came about in the American instance—was an element in the problem at both periods; whilst in both wars foreign mercenaries flocked to the standard of the enemies of this country.

4976. Which is the Longest and Most Important Railway in the World which has only a Single Line of Rails?

The Trans-Siberian line, the total length of which, when completed, will be 5,000 miles, or if we add to this the lines connected with it in European Russia the whole will run some 6,500 miles, almost entirely constructed as a single line—although provision is made in places for doubling it. This is more than twice as far as the trans-continental lines between New York and San Francisco, or even the Canadian-Pacific railway, which in great part are already doubled. The single line of the Siberian track had cost up to the end of 1897, when about one-fourth of it remained to be completed, over £37,000,000, whilst its ultimate cost will probably reach £50,000,000. Notwithstanding this enormous

outlay, some of the rivers are as yet bridged only by the simple means of freezing the rails to the ice in winter; summer transit being provided by ferries. On the other hand some of the bridges are enormous structures; that over the Irish, for example, being almost four miles long.

4972. Is it Possible for Two Men to have the Same Sister without being Related to Each Other?

This curious question in affinity is propounded by M. Ernest Legouve in his "Sixty Years of Recollections," and he answers in the affirmative, narrating his own case in proof of his assertion. M. Legouve, who took his seat among the forty immortals in 1855, solves the problem thus: M. Sue married Mdlle. Sauvan, and they had one daughter, Flora Sue. The husband and wife were divorced. M. Sue married another lady, and the child of this union was the famous novelist, Eugene Sue, author of "The Mysteries of Paris," "The Wander-Jew," etc. Meanwhile, the first Madame Sue married Gabriel Legouve, and their son was the present Ernest Legouve, author of *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, *Medea*, and other notable dramas. Eugene Sue and Ernest Legouve were thus half-brothers of Flora Sue, and yet had no blood relationship to each other.

4973. What is the most Extraordinary Oversight in Connection with the Queen's Birth?

Neither the birth, baptism, or confirmation of Queen Victoria is a matter of official public record. One might suppose that, filed away in its appointed place among the state archives, there would be found a document formally setting forth the birth of the child who, though not heir-presumptive, to the throne at the time of the birth, was removed from it by only three degrees. But such is not the case. With regard to her birth, all that was deemed necessary was its announcement by the State officials, whose duty it was to be personally aware of the fact.

4975. Which Country's Population best Represents the Races who have Conquered it?

That of England. Although the English are loosely termed Anglo-Saxons or Teutons, they are, as a matter of fact, an amalgamation of Kelt, Saxon, Dane, and Norman. It has been said that the result of this mingling is a race possessing the virtues of all, and the distinctive vices of none; but this is hardly true, for we undoubtedly possess one vice purely Saxon—that of drunkenness, while our insular reserve, so condemned by foreigners, is Keltic. As to characteristic virtues, from the Kelt we inherit imagination, artistic perception, and handiness; from the Saxon, love of home, constitutional government, and that toughness which does not know when it is beaten; from the Danes we trace our love of the sea and adventure; and from the Normans our refined taste and chivalry. In the north-east of England Danish characteristics are most frequent, accompanied by the loose-limbed Danish frame. In Wales, Cornwall, Devon, and Cumberland we find the Keltic type, short wiry bodies, dark hair, and the corresponding Keltic character; while from the east and midlands come the tall, fair Saxon types.

4976. What is the Origin of the Term and Practice of Blackmailing?

Blackmail means literally black rent. In ancient days rent was paid either in money or in kind. Rent that was paid in money was known as white rent, from the colour of the coin, and this was subsequently corrupted into wet rent; rent that was paid in kind was known as black rent, and sometimes as blackmail. In the sixteenth century the border land between Scotland and England was in a perpetual state of disorder, and the farmers of the neighbourhood used to pay such rent, or blackmail, to some powerful chieftain to preserve them and their property from molestation. The payment was very much in the nature of rent, because the landlord covenanted to procure for them quiet enjoyment of their property, and, in case of need, he could enforce payment by re-entry. As public opinion began to view border discords with disapproval, the term blackmail acquired a meaning akin to that which it now suggests, namely, payments extorted by improper and illegal threats of exposure.

QUESTIONS.

5001. How is it that men differ so much in complexion, in features, and in stature?
5002. Which was the fleetest racehorse that ever ran?
5003. At which period was the administration of justice in England in the worst condition?
5004. Which historical character has been made the subject of the greatest number of works of fiction?
5005. Which was the first complete edition of a famous novelist's works published?
5006. Has a house ever been pulled down through a 'murder taking place in it'?
5007. Have the offices of parish clerk and sexton ever been held by titled persons?
5008. In which house in this country were bullet-proof Venetian blinds first used?
5009. Which is the best historical instance of the saying, "We hate those whom we have injured"?
5010. Which is the most long-lived animal?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay at the rate of two guineas a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries, whether his own or not. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

TEACHER: "Now, boys, who can tell me which is the most difficult thing to acquire in cycling?"

Chorus of yells: "The bicycle, sir."

"Is the house on fire?" shrieked the next-door neighbour.

"No, madam," replied the man who was looking at the roof. "The fire seems to be on the house."

PHOTOGRAPHER (to young lady): "There is no need of telling you to look pleasant, miss. Such a face cannot be otherwise than pleasant."

Young lady (graciously): "I will take two dozen, sir, instead of one dozen."

"YOUR son has a remarkable ear for music," said the professor.

"Ah!" said the delighted mother.

"Yes. But I can't tell whether he will play the piano and be a great genius, or simply learn to whistle and be a great nuisance."

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"Royalty on Active Service" is the most interesting magazine article published this month. You'll find it in the new ROYAL.

HOW AMBASSADORS ARE MADE.

THEIR DUTIES AND PROSPECTS.

In nearly every case the representatives abroad of the British Empire, with the exception of those in the Consular Service, go through a regular course of training to fit them for their special duties. These duties are often of the most delicate and trying kind, and require, to quote the words of a well-known diplomat, that, "a man should be possessed of all the virtues of an archangel, and yet be a man of the world at the same time."

Not everyone can be a candidate for the diplomatic branch of the Civil Service. As is the case with clerks of higher rank employed in the Foreign Office, the names of those who desire to enter the Service have first to be submitted to, and approved by, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs for the time being.

They have, besides, to give evidence of the fact that they have a private income of not less than £400 a year. The first provision insures that the young men who come forward belong to families of honour and repute, and, therefore, are not likely to be tempted from the path of duty by bribes offered them by foreign powers. The second condition is necessary because the salary generally attached to diplomatic positions is wholly inadequate to support its dignity properly.

These two matters having been settled satisfactorily, the candidates present themselves for examination before the Civil Service Commissioners in the ordinary course. The exams for these ambassadors in embryo are of the same general character as those set candidates for the Foreign Office itself, and are considered to be by far the stiffest in the whole range of the Civil Service. For the most part the papers set are chiefly concerned with a thorough proficiency in geography, history, and foreign languages.

The successful candidate is appointed first of all to the position of "Attaché in the Diplomatic Service." The first six months of his time are spent in the Foreign Office in Downing Street, where he serves a sort of apprenticeship, being initiated into its routine, with which it is well for him to be familiar as a large portion of his future life must be spent in correspondence with that great State Department. The usual term for which this preliminary spell lasts is sometimes varied by circumstances, and it is quite a common thing for exchanges to be made between clerks in the Foreign Office and young diplomats abroad, when for any reason such changes are thought desirable.

Nor are such changes confined entirely to the younger members of the two services. For, it will be remembered, that Sir Philip Currie went from the post of Permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs to become Ambassador at Constantinople, and very recently that Sir Le Marchant Gosselin, who was Minister Plenipotentiary at Paris, was made one of the Assistant Under-Secretaries at the Foreign Office.

There are only some seven or eight Attachés, that is, in addition to the Military and Naval Attachés, which are of higher rank, and the next step for the young diplomatist is to become a Third Secretary, which grade he reaches after two years, during which time he receives no salary. When appointed a Third Secretary, the budding ambassador, who all this time is living in a foreign country in such a style as is expected from a man in a position of such importance, is given the salary of £150 a year. Should he be fortunate enough to pass an examination for a special certificate in "Public Law," he is allowed £100 extra.

In about four years more the Third Secretary is promoted to a Second Secretaryship, when his income rises to twice the amount, and he may further add to it by getting a special allowance of £100 a year for languages, such as Russian, Turkish, Persian, Japanese, or Chinese. As a general rule, Second and Third Secretaries and Attachés are not employed for more than two years in the same Embassy or Mission, unless for special reasons. These frequent transfers from one Legation to another have, of course, the effect of making these members of the Diplomatic Body extremely well acquainted with British interests in all quarters of the globe. At the present time there are about forty second secretaries and seventeen third secretaries. A man remains in the position of second secretary for from ten to twelve years.

The next grade is that of Secretary of Legation, and to-day there are sixteen gentlemen holding this rank. Their minimum salary is £500 a year. The step above that again conducts the diplomat to the Secretaryship of an Embassy, but he will have had to spend something like a quarter of a century before he will have gained it. In the British Diplomatic Service there are ten ministers resident, sixteen envoys, and eight ambassadors.

The great prizes are the eight embassies, Rome, Madrid, Washington, Paris, Constantinople, Berlin, Petersburg, and Vienna, with salaries varying from £9,000 a year at Paris to £5,500 at Madrid. The fattest post is generally considered to be the Embassy to Turkey (£8,000 annually) because there is much less entertaining to be done there than elsewhere, and it is possible for an ambassador to Turkey to save money. The leanest post is undoubtedly that of Paris, because of the enormous expenses incident to holding so magnificent a position in the gayest city of the world, although the salary attached to it is the largest.

She Smiled at Me.

SHE smiled at me, as I passed her by,
With a smile half-impudent, half shy,
And I turned and saw her twinkling eye—
She smiled at me.

She smiled at me, and her eyes were bright;
They danced and twinkled with pure delight,
And I carried the smile from noon till night—
She smiled at me.

'Twas none of your bold, impertinent smiles
That speak of a wilful woman's wiles,
But the sunny smile that a heart beguiles—
She smiled at me.

And all through the day, in memory
Her smile and its dimple I still could see.
It brightened my daily drudgery—
She smiled at me.

That night, when my coat on a chair I laid,
Pinned to the tail was a card, which prayed:
"Please Kick Me Hard." That's why the maid
Had smiled at me.

He Improved the Opportunity.

"THERE, there, there!" exclaimed the wife of the realistic novelist, as she rushed into her husband's study and picked up her howling offspring.

"Did muzzie's precious little lamb think she had deserted him?"

After she had quieted him she turned to her husband and asked:

"Did you have a terrible time with Willie while I was out?"

"Oh, no," replied the author with a glad smile. "I was very much interested. I had never before made a study of how a baby cries, and I have secured some very interesting notes. I have discovered just how a baby cries when lonely. A few minutes after you went out he began to whine softly to himself, and to wander about as if searching for someone. Then he let out a yell. When I spoke to him and asked him what was the matter he drew down in the corners of his mouth and began to cry in earnest. The sounds he made were all variations of the vowels, altogether devoid of consonants."

"His method of crying is to utter from four to seven sharp, barking sounds, then draw a quick, deep breath and yell at the top of his voice with his mouth almost perfectly round. From time to time he varied this performance by holding his breath as if choking, and when he did, not only his face, but even his scalp got red."

"And you sat there and took notes, you brute. I'll never leave our darling with such a cold-blooded man again."

As she said this she gathered up the pet of the household and flounced from the room in a huff.

The realistic novelist took a couple of turns about the room, smiling softly to himself in the meantime, and then stopped before a mirror and winked at himself in a way that suggested that perhaps after all he had simply been doing a clever little romancing that would save him from being left in charge of the baby in future.

"OH, ma, come up here quick."

"What's the matter, Tommy?"

"Bobby's playin' circus, and he's goin' to make the baby dive off th' mantelpiece into the footbath."

HIGHGEAR: "How did Sprockets come to break the ten-mile record?"

Bearings: "We to'd him just before he started that his wife had sent for him to come home and mind the baby."

LITTLE JOHNNY: "Mamma, let's play I am your mother and you are my little boy."

Mamma: "Very well, dear; how shall we play it?"

Little Johnny: "I'll tell you. You start to do something, and I'll tell you not to."

THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S

OPINION OF

PEARSON'S WAR PICTURES.

MR. G. VICARY, of 110 Newington Butts, S.E., writes:

"You will doubtless be interested to learn that during the visit yesterday (March 7th) to Rowton House of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, H.R.H. did me the honour to inspect the bookstall I conduct there, and from amongst the numerous periodicals displayed, many of which H.R.H. examined, she was graciously pleased to purchase a copy of the current number of PEARSON'S WAR PICTURES, remarking that it was very good indeed."

TRAINING HORSES FOR THE FRONT.

THERE IS A CAMP IN SOUTH AFRICA SET APART FOR DRILLING AND TRAINING WAR STEEDS.

A VERY important department in connection with the campaign in South Africa is that which is responsible for the due incoming and outgoing of horses for the use of the troops in the field. It is called the remount department.

The principal camp is situated at some distance from the scene of active warfare, being pitched at Stellenbosch, a two-hour railway journey from Capetown.

"Horses and mules come and go by hundreds daily," said a trooper, who has just returned from the front, "coming from the various ports and marts, and going to strengthen the field forces scattered over the theatre of war, or to points on the lines of communication."

"The number of animals in camp at one time varies from one to three or four thousand. It is a place for sick horses as well as healthy ones, and taking one consideration with another, you may reckon that the number of horses in camp on any one day is never less than 1,000. We also train horses there."

"I was an orderly in the camp, and am fresh home. Just before I left, Captain Birch was finishing breaking-in some youngsters to complete a battery of galloping Maxims to the orders of Lord Kitchener. The captain is celebrated for breaking-in animals for this kind of work, and in the present instance he had the choice of many hundreds of fine sturdy Argentine cobs and he has kept up his reputation."

"To each gun there is attached a team of six miniature artillery horses, short-legged, deep-ribbed, and active to a degree. They wanted a lot of breaking at first, but their education in harness was really rapid and very effective, the teams having been assisted by galloping mule teams and an Army Service waggon."

"How did we break them in? Two at a time the pupils were harnessed between lead and wheel of two pairs of mules, and realising the position almost at once the intelligent Argentines soon dropped into the work."

"This new battery is composed of ten flying Maxims, and a splendid service it will be. They carry risk, but it blends with the colour of the distinction which the battery offers in its constitution as compared with ordinary batteries of artillery of the same class. It will be able to take up its ground with even more lightning quickness than horse artillery, but cannot go into action beyond the reach of rifle-fire—the range of its own projectiles."

"How is the horse-camp marked out? It is divided into kraals, or paddocks, of two to four acres apiece, fenced in with heavy wire netting, and with one or two long feeding-troughs down the middle, raised upon strong posts. To these troughs horses can be tied by their halters, or they can be allowed to roam loose, kicking and biting each other to their hearts' content."

"These kraals hold usually from 100 to 200 horses, and each contains animals of the same class or of the same state of preparedness for the front. For instance, one kraal will be kept for native-bred horses, another for Australians, another for Argentines, and so on. English horses—which have a knack of towering high above the others—are usually picketted head and heel in the open, in cavalry fashion."

"Do the horses like it? Yes. All, apparently, like camp life. Every horse is watered three times a day, and at least four droves are sent out during the day to what is termed grazing, being the opportunity of rolling among the bushes of the veld, with the chance of a stray blade of grass still left beneath the bushes."

"The rough-riding is done by Mr. King. He superintends the backing and riding mainly of the Argentine cobs, which are, for the greater part, unbroken. These are first paced and circled within the sandy roadway by a band of rough-riders, whose experiences in the early stages are very varied. When casualties are supposed to be ended, the party is sent forth for a daily gallop on the veld, eventually returning with horses well-blown, tractable, and acceptably broken."

"Vicious and unmanageable horses are met with occasionally, and when these are beyond the control of the rough-riders they are handed over to Professor Galvanie, who has an establishment in the camp, where they are made to undergo exercises which turn vicious horses into good ones. His system is unique."

"What we call the sick lines are situated in the shadiest part of the camp and beside the little river. Here are gathered together all the invalids worth keeping for early cure and early service in the field."

"All the horses are of course under the care of skilled veterinary surgeons, who are constantly making examinations, since, as I have said, horses are continually coming and going daily, and in large numbers."

"The day's work begins with the mounted picquet driving each kraalful of animals down to the watering troughs, a slow process, but the scene is enlivened by the oncoming, dashing, galloping mule teams, six to every waggon, for forage, which they bring and serve out to every part of the camp at top speed, a Tommy Atkins up as coachman, while a Cape boy sits beside him to wield the long whip whose every crack can be heard a mile away."

"Yes, the camp is a busy one, being run at war pressure. Hard work, hurried meals, but grateful, unbroken sleep, are the portion of the camp staff at Stellenbosch."

Another splendid instalment of Guy Boothby's serial, "The Woman of Death," will be found in the new ROYAL.

A RIVAL TO DE BEERS

THE GERMAN EMPEROR AS A DIAMOND MINER AND MERCHANT.

NOTHING seems to come amiss to the German Emperor; he is equally at home in writing a play, designing a battleship, inventing a new food for the army or studying astronomy; but he is now making his bow as a merchant—a dealer in diamonds on a large scale.

If the Kaiser, who is an adept at indirect advertising, adopts the methods of other commercial leaders, he will be able to announce that he brings his wares "From the Mine to the Man," for he intends to be miner, cutter, polisher, seller, and wearer, all in one.

And our present trouble in South Africa, by restricting the output of the Kimberley mines, is materially assisting him in his project.

The Kaiser's diamond mines are situated in Barsebald, in German South-West Africa, not very far from the Portuguese territory of Angola, and there are two accounts given of their discovery. According to one of these, which is usually put forward by the Emperor himself, they were located by mining experts specially commissioned by His Majesty at his own expense; and he claims that they belong to him by two-fold right—as a private individual, and by reason of the German law that all precious metals and stones found on German soil belong to the monarch. The second account, which is corroborated by documents in the German Colonial Office, places the Emperor in a less favourable light.

In the early part of 1898, some German settlers discovered diamonds on territory known as the Blue Ground, and, like obedient German subjects, communicated the fact to the Governor of the Colony, at the same time requesting his formal permission to work the claim. But the German authorities, while steadily encouraging the discovery of anything precious, claim the right to

SWALLOW UP SUCH PRECIOUS THINGS

when they have been discovered; so the Governor replied that they must await the decision of Berlin with reference to the granting of a license.

The German Colonial Office acted with its usual slow deliberation, and three months passed before a reply was given; when at last it arrived, it was decidedly unsatisfactory to the settlers, for they were informed that experts would be sent to examine the ground, and report upon the conditions on which a license would be granted.

It then appeared that the Emperor had taken things in hand. He enlisted the services of three British mining experts, and supplied funds for the proper examination of the Blue Grounds; the result was that the value of the particular claim was discounted, but the experts were able to locate, from geological conditions, some really valuable deposits. They hired natives to sink a shaft, and, when they had gone to a depth of only 75ft., they struck a vein that promised to yield a large quantity of black diamonds. Another shaft, sunk at a short distance from the first, gave promise of a good, though much smaller, yield of white stones.

The Kaiser now determined

TO WORK THE MINES FOR ALL

they were worth. A small syndicate was formed, ninety of the shares being held by German officials in trust for His Majesty, while the remaining ten were held jointly by the three British mining experts, whose services demanded recognition. Mining operations were commenced, and the arrangement was that the Emperor should furnish the capital required to set the undertaking on its legs.

Herr von Lindequist, a German official, is the nominal chief of the concern, but it is evident that he could not have acted as he has done if he had not been supported by the Emperor's authority. Native labour was engaged at rates much below those current in other parts of Africa and the whole thing carried out on the cheapest lines and with almost military discipline. For a time the cash payments from the Kaiser came regularly; then they dwindled and at length stopped. It was conjectured that this was done purposely, in order to induce the three British experts to sell out; two of them held fast, but the third sold his portion to the firm of Seidel and Muhl, who put enough money into the enterprise to keep it going.

One of the greatest difficulties that attended the undertaking was that of supplying water. This was finally overcome by establishing a camel service of water-carrying from a river seven hours' distant; by relays of fifty, the camels, carrying large rubber bags filled with water and guarded by German soldiers, brought up sufficient supply to meet the requirements of mining operations. Later, immense reservoirs were dug out, and during the rainy season millions of gallons are secured in these huge receptacles.

The first small consignments of diamonds reached

the Emperor in Berlin some months ago; they consisted of two packets, one containing black and the other white stones. His Majesty placed them in two small heaps on his library table, and then invited his sisters to "an exhibition" without telling them what they would see.

The ladies were rather disappointed, and thought they had been hoaxed by their sportive brother; one of them ran her fingers through the heaps of little stones, just as one might pass the digits through a pile of lentils, and asked contemptuously why she had been called in to see such rubbish. The Kaiser thereupon gravely informed her that she would have to go into the searching-room, as did everyone else who inspected his diamond mines or storerooms.

It took him some minutes to convince the ladies that the unpretentious stones were real diamonds; he had kept his little deal almost exclusively to himself up to that time, so that their disbelief was quite natural, and he had to explain at length before they would give credit to his statement that the stones were real gems.

The supply of diamonds from the Blue Ground Mines became regular, and as the packets accumulated the Emperor set to work to complete his scheme. The diamonds were there right enough; the next step was to dispose of them, and to dispose of them in a manner that would fill the Imperial private coffers. He entered into negotiations with certain well-known and old-established firms to undertake the cutting and polishing of the gems, and get them ready for the market. He was ambitious

TO MAKE BERLIN THE CENTRE

of the European diamond trade, and out London from the pride of place, and in like manner the German capital was also to become the chief seat of diamond cutting and take the place of Amsterdam. Having done all he could in that direction, the Kaiser made the next step.

When the stones have been prepared for the market they are sent direct to him and he himself acts as the diamond seller. He has caused it to be known in German society, among fashionable jewellers and to editors of newspapers that an abundant supply of real home-made diamonds are to be had from the Imperial Schloss on terms that cannot be equalled by dealers in foreign countries, and he has exhorted his subjects to patronise home industry and leave the *Auslander* severely alone. And he does not hesitate to show his wares in person to large buyers.

There is one drawback to this scheme—namely, that the Blue Ground Mines yield only a small proportion of white stones, the majority being black. Black stones do not command such a ready sale, and the Kaiser had to devise a plan for

BRINGING THEM MORE INTO FAVOUR.

With the resources at his command it was not difficult, to secure learned treatises on the value of black diamonds and their superiority to white ones. These articles and pamphlets were circulated among the press and the jewellers with His Majesty's compliments, and in a short time produced the desired effect. Jewellers, having a profound respect for the Kaiser's acuteness, bought quantities of black diamonds "at reasonable prices" and gave prominence to them in their windows and announcements.

But the advertising did not stop there. The Emperor had eleven of the biggest and best of the black diamonds mounted in a diadem and is doing his very best to induce his consort to wear this crown on State occasions instead of the Prussian heirlooms which usually adorn Her Imperial Majesty.

Whatever may be his feelings on the matter in other respects, it is evident that the Kaiser is not eager for a speedy termination of the campaign in South Africa in his capacity of diamond merchant, for the longer the war lasts, the more chance has he of carrying out his idea of eclipsing Kimberley, London, and Amsterdam, in their respective departments of the diamond industry.

"If I say," said the teacher, "the pupil loves his teacher, what sort of a sentence is that?"

"Sarcastic," said the boy.

A CARDIFF schoolmaster says that one of his pupils recently came to school bringing the following letter of excuse from his mother:

"Dear Sir,—Please excuse my boy a-scratching himself. He's got a new flannel shirt on."

VISITOR (in insane asylum): "Who is that wild-looking man in the padded cell?"

Attendant: "That is Professor Adder, the expert accountant."

Visitor: "What drove him insane?"

Attendant: "He attempted to straighten out his wife's household accounts."

THE mother of a bright little four-year-old had been away from home over night, and on her return asked:

"And how did my little girl get to sleep last night without mamma?"

"Oh," she replied, "papa tried to sing to me like 'on does, an' I dis went to sleep weal twick so I couldn't hear him."

MANY HAPPY RETURNS!

Being Something of Interest about Big People whose Birthdays happen this Week.

As the SHAH OF PERSIA is coming to England shortly on a superior Cook's excursion tour, it may be worth while stating that he becomes forty-seven years old on March 25th. He is said to be very eccentric, and one of his freaks last year was the promotion, to positions of great distinction at his Court, of two men taken from the wayside without investigation or inquiry! The late Shah, who was assassinated on May 1st, 1896, came twice to England on visits.

Not everyone knows that the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, who celebrates his eighty-first birthday on March 26th, took part in the Battle of the Alma, as Major-General commanding the Guards Brigade. For thirty-nine years the Duke was head of the Army with £6,632 a year, while Lord Wolseley only gets £4,500. In addition the Duke has had, for the last fifty years, the sum of £12,000 annually, and also, since 1861, £2,000 a year as Colonel of the Grenadier Guards. To show how far back the career of the veteran, who is, of course, a cousin of the Queen, extends, it may be mentioned that he was invested with the Blue Ribbon of the Garter by King William IV.

MR. HARRY FURNISS, the celebrated caricaturist, who attains his forty-sixth year on the same day as the Duke of Cambridge, was the inventor of Mr. Gladstone's colliars, which, through PUNCH, became famous all over the world. One day Mr. Furniss and other artists met Mr. Gladstone at dinner, but, to the intense amusement of the company, the G.O.M. turned up in quite an ordinary collar, looking as innocent as you please! It was an attempt to show that the caricaturist was rather given to exaggeration.

The sixty-fifth birthday of MR. W. Q. ORCHARDSON R.A., occurs on Tuesday, March 27th. He is the one English artist who has had the honour of painting the Queen's portrait for many years, and, besides Her Majesty, the picture shows the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and Prince Edward of York—four generations. In his picture of "Hard Hit" there are some stewed cards to be seen. As showing Mr. Orchardson's methods, he has stated that he bought fifty packs of cards and scattered them to obtain the necessary effect!

It is possible that some readers have not before heard, of the name of MR. ADOLPHUS WASHINGTON GREELEY, who also celebrates his birthday on Tuesday, having been born in 1844. He is, however, the distinguished American Arctic explorer, who, in 1881, led an expedition to the Pole. The party did not accomplish their intention—though Lieut. Lockwood got nearer than anyone else had before done—and they were rescued just in the nick of time, in June, 1883. They were eating the bodies of their dead when found.

One of the greatest war correspondents of this era is SIR WILLIAM H. RUSSELL, who celebrates his eightieth birthday on March 28th, and who went through the Crimean, Indian Mutiny, Austro-Prussian, American Civil, and Franco-German Wars for THE TIMES newspaper. During the Crimean War he wrote his dispatches, for which all England waited, frequently under fire, and, at the Alma, his work was done on a drum-head in a raging fever! In South Africa, in 1879, Sir William was very nearly drowned near Pretoria, and, during the Indian Mutiny in 1856, the mere fact that he fell down senseless from sunstroke, and was thought to be dead, only saved him from the rebels.

A remarkable lady is MRS. AMELIA E. BARR, the distinguished novelist, who celebrates her sixty-ninth birthday on Thursday, the 29th. She was born in the English Lake District, but went to America, where, at thirty-five, she found herself a widow with poverty knocking at the door. However, Mrs. Barr pluckily started in journalism, and, when fifty, began her successful career as a novelist! The famous novelist's residence overlooks the lordly River Hudson, in New York State.

DON CARLOS, Duke of Madrid, who celebrates his 62nd birthday on March 30th, is the third holder of the name who has laid claim to the throne of Spain. The trouble began when Isabella became Queen in 1833, and her uncle, Don Carlos, second son of Charles IV. of Spain, disputed her right. On his death in 1855, his son, Don Carlos, continued the claim, and when the latter died in 1861, the present Don Carlos, the first Don's nephew, became the new claimant. Carlist risings have occurred in 1834-39 and 1872-76—the present Pretender fighting in the last.

It is not a matter of very wide knowledge that MR. WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR, whose fifty-second birthday occurs on the last day of March, is now an English millionaire. He has lived in England since 1892, and last year he severed his last connection with America by becoming a naturalised subject of her Britannic Majesty. The founder of the family's wealth was John Jacob Astor, a German, who went to America in 1783, bought land cheaply in New York, and died in 1848. That land now brings his great-grandson, the Englishman, an income of £1,000,000.

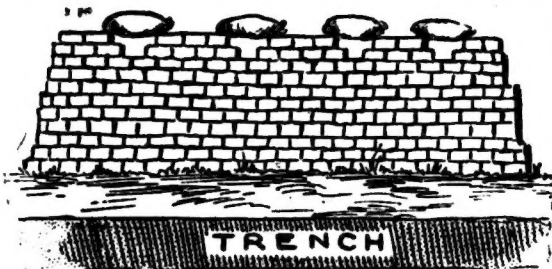
Have you ever realised what strange things are to be seen in shop-windows? There's a striking article on this subject in the new ROYAL just published.

PREPARING A VILLAGE FOR DEFENCE.

HOW EVERY WALL AND DITCH IS SCIENTIFICALLY MADE INTO A SHELTER FOR TROOPS.

For the purpose of this article we are going to assume that for strategic reasons it has been necessary for one of our armies engaged in defending the Old Country against the invasion dealt with in Mr. Tracy's new story, to occupy and defend a given position. The general in command has settled upon the position he will occupy, which is perfect, but for one drawback, viz., that a village which it would be difficult to demolish is near. It would be madness to leave this to the enemy, so there is nothing for it but to put it into a state of defence. It is an ordinary kind of village, brick houses and walls fairly plentiful; and in some places stockades can be advantageously placed. Fortunately from its position, the enemy will be unable to bring their artillery fire against it, but there is little doubt that it will have to sustain a fierce onslaught from infantry and possibly cavalry. If there was any probability of its being exposed to the shells of the field howitzers the invaders are known to possess, the whole position would have to be abandoned, for it is a military axiom that buildings under such circumstances far from affording shelter, are positively dangerous.

The men who are to garrison the village at once set



A six-foot brick wall prepared for defence.

to work under the direction of engineer officers, whilst a party of Royal Engineers undertake the more technical part of the work.

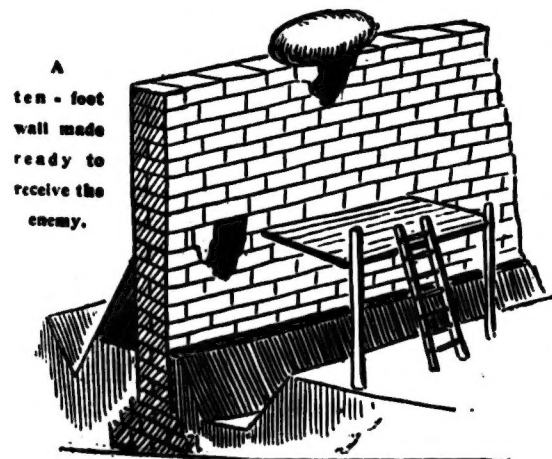
First of all, out-buildings which are not to be occupied are burnt down, and suspicious-looking hollows in front of the village, which might afford shelter to the advancing enemy, are promptly filled in with any material which is handy. Obstacles are placed in the probable line of the enemy's advance. This is technically known as clearing the field of fire.

Whilst one party has been performing this work, another has been preparing shelter for the firing line. At one portion there is a long brick wall, say six feet in height, this will be notched as shown in the accompanying diagram.

Bricks are pushed out by crowbars or picks at a space of three to five feet apart from the top to a point which is four feet six inches from the ground, and large stones or sandbags are placed above these apertures to afford head shelter for the men who will eventually stand behind the wall to fire. Each of these notches will take a man ten minutes to make. A one-foot six-inch depth of trench has been dug in front of the wall (which is the position we are looking at it from). This will render the loopholes too high to be of any use to the enemy should he get so far.

At the end of the line, and at nearly a right angle to it another wall occurs which will be useful for flanking purposes. This is ten feet high, and, consequently, requires different treatment to the foregoing one.

Here we are looking at the wall sideways; and dealing with the front first, we observe that a trench four feet wide and three feet deep has been dug with the same object as the one in front of the six feet wall. In rear there is another trench one foot, six inches deep, and a loophole made in the wall three feet above the

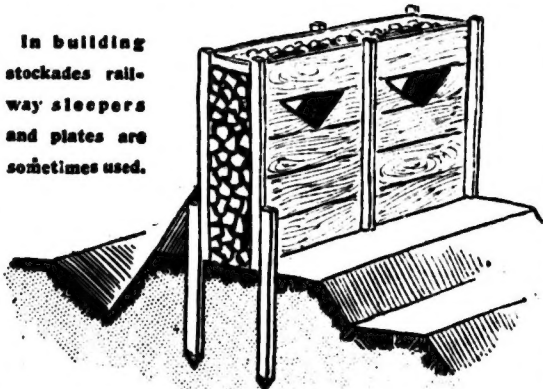


bottom of this. Note that all loopholes are narrower on the enemy's side than they are on our own, thus diminishing the chance of a bullet entering. Note also

that to make a loophole as it should be made will take a man half-an-hour; but now only a rough hole will be formed, leaving its elaboration until some more necessary work has been accomplished.

About 5ft. 6in. up the wall a staging has been erected

In building stockades railway sleepers and plates are sometimes used.

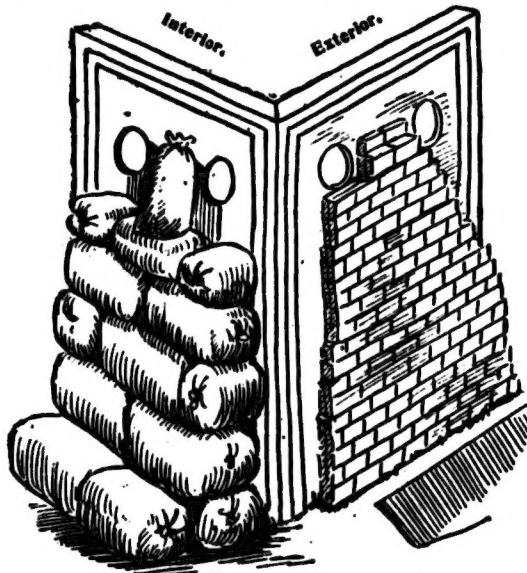


with a ladder reaching to it as shown. Then towards the top another loophole has been formed. Therefore, by placing one lot of men in the trench and another on the staging, we have the wall manned for a double tier of fire, the heads of the men above being protected by sandbags.

At the various openings, where no wall or other means of shelter exists, stockades are being erected, one of which we illustrate above.

A double upright tier of planking about two feet apart constitute the real stockade, but as in these days of high penetrative bullets timber stockades would be useless, a layer of earth gravel or broken bricks is placed between the planking.

As usual a trench is dug in front, a portion of the earth removed being cast against, what may be called, the front wall of the stockade to strengthen it, and the remainder forms a glacis in front which will prove an additional obstacle to the enemy. In rear there is another trench, the earth from which will form the banquettes upon which the men can stand to fire out of the loopholes four feet six inches above the ground line. The work of stockade building would be much lessened



The manner in which some of the exterior doors are treated for the defence of a house.

if the railway ran near the village, instead of fifty miles away. Because the sleepers, rails, and plates could have been used. However, the materials at hand have undoubtedly been put to the best use.

At intervals between the walls and barricades there are hedges; these have been utilised by digging trenches in front and rear, and sifting the excavated earth amongst the bushes. The work has taken longer than ordinary trench digging, because the roots impede the action of the picks and shovels.

By these means the village has been surrounded on three sides with shelter for the firing line; the rear being covered by the entrenchments of the main position of the army.

It may be mentioned at this point that the number of men necessary to garrison the village has been calculated by allowing two men to each yard of boundary line prepared.

In spite of all these elaborate arrangements, however, the defenders may be driven back from this outer line, and as it is of the utmost importance that the village shall be held, interior arrangements must be made to provide for such a calamity.

There are several houses capable of defence; one especially, almost on the rear outskirts, which is exceptionally strong and well-built. This it is decided shall be "The Keep." If every other line fail, the men, when driven in, will converge to this point, and within its sheltering walls make a final stand.

Therefore, although the other selected houses are more or less fortified, the greatest attention is paid to this one, and arrangements made for blowing up the others when they are finally forsaken.

We will deal with the exterior doors first. These, with the exception of one, the treatment of which will be explained later, are to be built up with bricks, taken from a demolished building, to the height of six feet, and a trench dug in front.

We have put a diagram of the exterior and interior of a door on a half opened screen so that the arrangements can be clearly seen. If the reader will imagine the two leaves of the screen folded back to back he will gain a clear idea of how the door is prepared for defence.

The round apertures on the exterior are for the defenders to fire through. The interior is barricaded with sandbags, with the spaces left for loopholes. Sandbags provide a suitable means for the firing men to stand on.

So much for the ordinary doors. Now for the one which is to be especially prepared. This is to be differently arranged because the garrison of the house may drive the invaders off, in which case they will want to sally forth and occupy their former position.

Here is an interior view of what may be called the exit door. The interior has a trench but no outer barricade.

We will for the nonce imagine the garrison are safely in. A high chest-of-drawers previously filled with stores and placed handy, is put into position in rear of the door; and the chair placed for a man to stand on and fire through the loophole four feet six inches above the ground.

The wardrobe could be removed with comparative ease if necessary.

But it is not only the doors that must be attended to. Windows also claim a certain amount of attention. Both outside and in they are strongly barricaded by boards being nailed across from one side of the frame to the other; with the exception of two portions which are left uncovered to form loopholes. Between the two layers of boarding stones are packed.

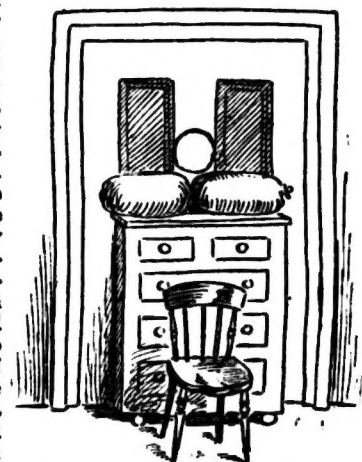
In the left-hand portion of the diagram, which represents the interior view, a portion of the board has been purposely broken away, so that the underneath arrangement can be seen. A box or stool has been placed to enable the defenders to use the loopholes (which, by-the-by, are lined with wood throughout) to advantage.

The work is only partly done yet, though, for there are rooms to be prepared as hospitals, ammunition, provisions, and water to store, internal communications to be improved, interior walls and upper floors loopholed so that, supposing the garrison be driven from the outer position, they need not necessarily surrender. Moveable barricades, in this case, will be of immense assistance as a means of covering the retreat from one part to the other. And last, but not least, arrangements made whereby the building be finally blown up when all else fails.

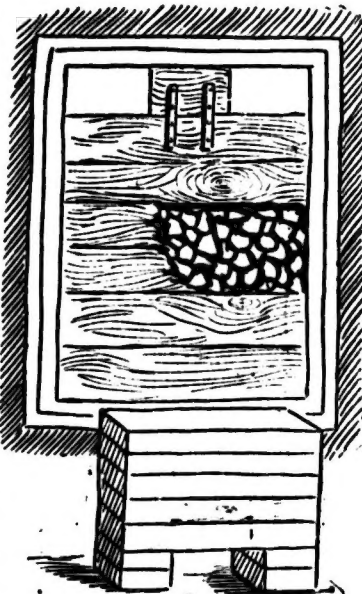
For, remember, it would be a menace to the main position of our army if left standing, and in the hands of the enemy.

It is hard to conceive that things could come to such a pass as we look round on the carefully prepared ground, but the science of war demands that all possible eventualities be considered, and nothing left to chance.

And with the assurance that all has been done that can be, the men man their walls, trenches, barricades, and buildings, and calmly await the enemy. In the absence of the regular engineers our volunteers would be quite capable of preparing a village for defence in this manner.



Another, and an easier, manner of barricading an outer door.



Window boarded up for defence with stones between the planking.

Photographs taken in actual battle! The new ROYAL contains a series of such photos and a vivid description of how they were taken.

WHAT TOMMY ATKINS THINKS OF RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE FAMOUS POET MAKES OUT THE FAMOUS
FIGHTER TO BE TOO BAD A FELLOW ALTOGETHER.

THERE was no mistaking it. He was reading "Barrack Room Ballads" and evidently enjoying the stuff, too, if one might judge by his rapt attention—and the fact that his eyes did not even glance upwards when the District train groaned into station after station.

"Excuse me," I said, when the only other passenger had alighted at South Kensington; "but you seem deeply interested in Mr. Kipling's book?"

Lance-Corporal Smith (it wasn't Smith, but the name will do as well as any other), looked up and nodded.

"It's a capital book," he said slowly—speaking in refined accents, very different from that in which the average soldier of R.K.'s romances talks; "but it's a bit exaggerated, if I may say so."

"How do you mean?" I asked. It was evident that the lance-corporal was a man of literary insight; and he proceeded to unfold to me his views upon the author of "The Absent-Minded Beggar."

"In the first place," he said, "I may tell you that I have read all that Kipling has written regarding the Army, and I am sorry to say that some of his characters are a gross libel on the Service. For instance, he nearly always shows you the blackguardly, swearing, drunken type of Tommy, who, although certainly one of the unpleasant features of Army life, is by no means half so common as the author would lead you to suppose."

"Then, again, look at the awfully illiterate manner in which Tommy converses, according to Mr. Kipling. He hasn't got an 'h' to his back if you go by these ballads, or, if he patronises the 'h' at all, it is only when it isn't wanted. Take, for instance, the famous line:

"It's 'Thank you, Mr. Hatkins,' when the band begins to play." Now, in the whole course of my career in the army I have only come across one man in the ranks who accented the 'h' in words where convention did not require it. Of course, we get plenty of Cockneys in the service, but the example of the officers' speech soon breaks them of any little lapses as regards 'h' or other vulgarisms."

I paused, somewhat taken aback at this professional indictment of one in whom I had believed, heart and soul. Presently I asked:

"Is this an individual view of your own regarding Mr. Kipling, or is it shared by most soldiers?"

"I cannot answer that question as precisely as I should like, for the simple reason that the name of Kipling is to the average private and non-com. a dead letter; but occasionally I have shown some of these ballads to friends of mine in the barrack-room, and they have all seemed delighted with the jingle of the verse, but refused to take the poems seriously. 'On the Road to Mandalay,' however, has always been a great favourite with fellows to whom I have shown it, and there is no doubt that it is one of the finest poems ever written."

"Do you think that the effect of Kipling's work has been to obtain a better social position for soldiers?"

The lance-corporal laughed, a little ironically. "Not much," he replied ruefully. "I should say that the only thing which ever improves our position in that respect is an outbreak of war. As Kipling says, we get bullied and badgered in times of peace, but it's 'Thank you, Mr. Hatkins,' when the trooper's on the tide.' Leaving out the 'h' in the word 'Hatkins,' I quite agree with Mr. Kipling."

My next question was what counsel at the Bar call a "leading one."

"What is your opinion of the 'Absent-Minded Beggar'?"

"That it is a finely thought-out piece of work, and written very much as soldiers talk. If all Kipling's poems were equally true to life, soldiers wouldn't have so much cause to complain that he hadn't done them justice."

"But surely he is the Soldier's Friend," I hazarded. "He would be the last man in the world to wish to do the fighting-man an injury."

"Of course. There's not a man living as has the private soldier's interests more at heart, but I think he has yielded to a desire to make our language as picturesque and strong as possible, and in the case of Tommy Atkins, picturesqueness means, of course a large sprinkling of oaths, etcetera. All the same, we fellows are very grateful to him for sticking up for us as he has done, and I only hope that next time he writes another set of 'Barrack-Room Ballads,' he will show that we can be as careful of our 'h's' as civilians, and are capable of keeping sober for a day or two on end."

"One more question," I said hurriedly, as the train drew up at my station; "have you always found Kipling perfectly correct in all military details?"

"Absolutely. The Commander-in-Chief couldn't know much more about some details of the Service than he does. He's a splendid chap altogether, but just a little hard sometimes on Tommy Atkins—at least, that is what Tommy himself says, and I suppose he ought to know."

Then I thanked my worthy critic, bade him good-night, and left him to the further perusal of "Barrack-Room Ballads."

A Coachman's Blunder.

JOHN HARE once sent his coachman to a certain theatre to secure stalls, and the man, who knew more about stables than theatres, returned with what appeared to be a difficult verbal message.

"Well, did you get the stalls?" inquired the actor. "No, sir," said the coachman, "the stalls were all taken up, but they told me they would be pleased to—to—he scratched his head and then blurted out—"to put you in a loose box, sir!"

Made a Lucky Grab.

A LITTLE girl was taken to a strange church by her mother recently, in which the collection was made in the pews.

On the way home she asked:

"What did you get in the lucky bag, ma?"

"Nothing," replied the mother, in astonishment; and she was about to ask the child what on earth she meant when the little one opened her hand and exclaimed with evident pride:

"I got sixpence."

He Saw the Son.

"I wish that people wouldn't try to be too funny with me!" snapped the life insurance agent. "Life is a serious business. That is why I spend so much of my time trying to impress upon people that some of my unexcelled life insurance is necessary for their happiness. Here I have lost a whole day and been put to considerable expense when I might have used both to better advantage, and all because people look upon me as a fit subject for their practical jokes."

"The other day I chanced to step into a hotel to see what was going on, and while there I struck up an acquaintance with a man who looked to be about sixty years of age. It wasn't long before I discovered that he carried no insurance, and as he looked like a splendid risk I lost no time in telling him all about the celebrated insurance that I handle. He looked a little bored before I was half through, but I didn't let that bother me, as I had him in a corner where he couldn't escape. Finally, through an oversight on my part, he managed to get in a word."

"Look here," said he, "I have heart disease and couldn't get my life insured if I wanted to. But I have a son who is as sound as a bell. Why not talk to him?"

"Where is he?" said I.

"He is out at my home about thirty miles from here. It will be worth your while to see him."

"I'll see him at once," I answered.

"Well, I got the address and took the first train out there. I found the house all right and rang the bell. A woman answered and I asked if Mr. Blank's son was at home."

"He is," she answered, looking at me rather queerly.

"May I see him?" I asked.

"You may," she answered, and led the way inside. She disappeared for a moment and then reappeared upon the scene with a six months' old baby in her arms, and I collapsed."

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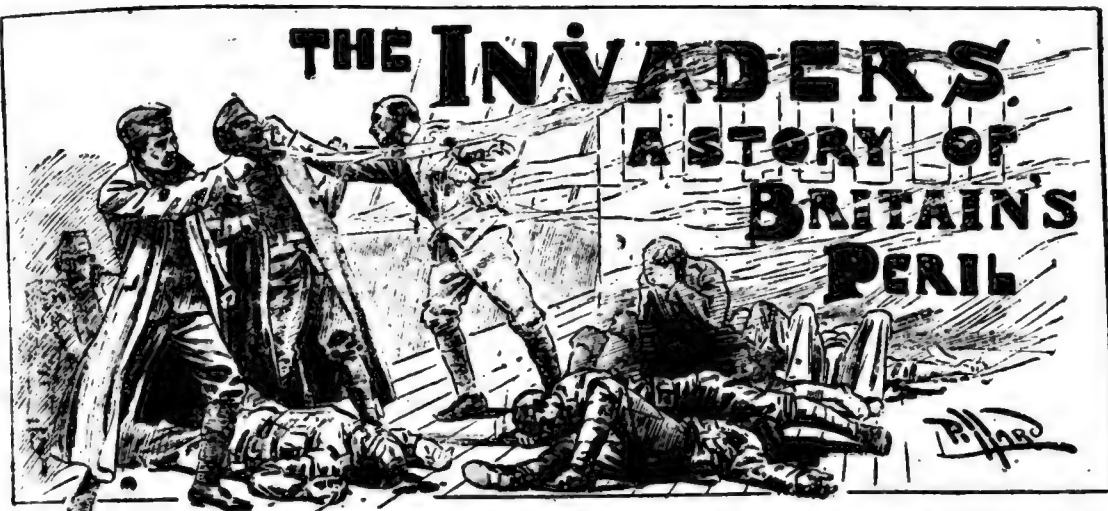
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The new ROYAL is illustrated by the best artists, and its contributors are among the well-known authors of the day.



By LOUIS TRACY, Author of "The Final War," etc. Illustrated by H. PIFFARD.

SUMMARY.

The story opens with a farewell scene between Captain the Hon. Robert Darnley Hamilton and Major Forster, at Euston Station, the latter journeying to Liverpool, where he is to embark on the transport *Servia* on route for the war in South Africa.

Euston Station is somewhat unusually crowded with men bound for Liverpool, and the two officers are naturally at a loss to understand the meaning of so much traffic, more particularly as the majority of the men look like Germans, with an air of military discipline pervading them.

Arriving at Liverpool, Major Forster found everybody in a state of terror and confusion. After some difficulty, he gains admittance to the Adelphi Hotel and learns from the inmates that Liverpool has fallen into the hands of an unknown enemy. Shortly after six o'clock that evening, foreign men in khaki uniforms seemed to "drop from the sky," and cut down, shoot, or stab, everyone who crossed their path. The transport *Servia*, and other vessels in the docks, had been boarded by the foreign troops, and soldiers and sailors had been attacked indiscriminately.

Tom Pratt, under-boat of the Adelphi Hotel, arrives and tells his exciting experience. He saw the men in by-streets taking off their outer garments, disclosing khaki uniforms, and when they met they said "Villain," and "Fashoda."

Hurried consultation is held, and it is thought that a hostile fleet has probably occupied the river, and that hundreds of thousands of the enemy's troops are busily engaged in carrying out a marvellously well-conceived and diabolical plot. Major Forster sees the necessity of communicating immediately with the War Office, and accepts the services of Tom Pratt to assist him.

After many exciting adventures, in which the plucky lad has not escaped unhurt, Major Forster arrives at the village of Beblington. On the journey, he has shot two of the enemies' vedettes and changed clothing. By means of the telegraph, Chester post office is instructed to cable a dispatch to the War Office by way of Holyhead and Dublin, and Cork and Bristol.

Major Forster starts off in the hope of reaching the main portion of the German army, and that he would forthwith be known as Adolph Schumann, born at Wurtemberg, but domiciled in England for four years as a watchmaker. Tom Pratt promises to follow on later.

Having seen Major Forster through the final stages of this uncommon experience, we refer back to his friend "Bobby" Hamilton and to the way in which London received the news of the invasion. From inquiries, Hamilton learns that the dispatch of foreign, soldierlike men has been the heavy and puzzling duty of all railways dealing with the Midlands and the north of England. Fearing that mischief is in the air, he immediately calls at the War Office and gives information. The Assistant Under Secretary writes a formal note to the Scotland Yard detectives, asking them to make inquiries and report on the matter.

London is startled with the announcement, after a stormy scene with Lord Salisbury, demanded and received their passports, and that a Cabinet Council has been summoned. There was subdued restlessness in Parliament when Mr. Arthur Balfour announced to the House that the French and German Ambassadors had submitted an ultimatum demanding the immediate evacuation of all African territory, including Egypt and the Sudan, and that to these monstrous requests there had been a contemptuous refusal.

The enemy invades Birmingham and strike their first blow at the Central Post Office, where they endeavour to open up communication over the wires. Other points of vantage are seized, including the small arms and ammunition factories. A mere handful of local volunteers, partly their wives and a few rounds of ammunition for the purpose of idle practice, encounter the enemy at the Great Western Railway Station at Snow Hill. The invaders leave Birmingham a few hours before the arrival of the head of the advancing column—cavalry scouts of the 17th Lancers. When the British force has re-occupied Birmingham, it is found that the enemy has retreated north, beyond Derby.

The vast majority of Britain's warships are at Malta, and other foreign stations, the Government believing that British supremacy would be threatened in the Far East, and so these Isles are denuded of warships. The enemy's mode of attack is to bring about a paralysis of industry, commerce, and of the systematic effort for the prosecution of the war in South Africa, besides harassing our trade on the high seas with fast cruisers, and landing a big army at Delagoa Bay to assist the Boers.

CHAPTER V. (continued).

ALL the regular troops, with the exception of a few of the Guards in or near about London, having been sent to South Africa, their places were nominally filled by militia and volunteers, but the ranks of both branches of the service had been depleted to make up drafts required to bring up the affiliated line battalions to their proper strength.

Again, there was absolutely no field transport provided for them, the commissariat was not on a military basis, but performed by contract with local tradesmen, and they were in anything but a fit state to take the offensive.

The available cavalry regiments were the 1st and 2nd Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards (these fine corps being, however, weakened by the formation of the Composite Household Regiment on duty in Cape Colony), the 2nd Dragoon Guards at York, the 7th Dragoon Guards at Colchester, the 7th Hussars at Norwich, and the 21st Lancers (two squadrons) at Canterbury.

Ireland had, of course, no infantry of the line, but possessed the 1st Dragoon Guards at Dublin, the 3rd Dragoon Guards at Dundalk, and the 21st Lancers (two squadrons) at the same station.

The 17th Lancers had actually embarked on a transport at Queenstown from Ballincollig for service at the Cape.

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but were withheld and diverted to Bristol by telegraphic orders.

There was not a solitary battery of Royal Horse Artillery in the country.

With Royal Field Artillery we were to some extent provided for on paper. Either by good or ill luck, the batteries stationed at Birmingham and Leeds had gone on active service, but there were yet eighteen batteries available, not all provided with full complements of guns, horses, or men, but integral units capable of expansion.

Mounted volunteers were practically non-existent, having been swallowed up so far as their efficient numbers went, in the formation of the Imperial Yeomanry Corps now in the field in Natal and elsewhere.

Fortunately there was one splendid corps which, by the

unprecedented foresight of the authorities, was not only available for instant service under field conditions, but up to its full strength.

The Royal Marines, intact in their three divisions at Chatham, Portsmouth, and Plymouth—15,000 troops unsurpassed by any others in the world—

had been eating their hearts out in chagrin that they had not been sent out to the Transvaal.

They were now destined, in conjunction with the militia and volunteers, to save their country, for, to all intents and purposes, the regular army was unrepresented, with the sole exceptions already enumerated.

The first fear of the authorities was that cables might be cut in all directions. Luckily, this did not happen until later, as, to some extent, the enemies' ships were not able to carry out this vital achievement so speedily and effectually as the other items in their programme.

Long cablegrams, in no wise minimising the gravity of the situation, were sent to all the chief naval and military stations in Great Britain.

The Admirals of the Mediterranean Fleet and Channel Squadron (when the latter arrived at Gibraltar) were instructed to act as they thought best under the circumstances, Lord Roberts was told that he must not expect any further assistance in men or stores beyond that which India and the navy could afford him, and the Duke of Connaught, Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, was asked to concentrate all possible forces at Belfast, Dublin, and Queens-town, there to await transport and convoys to be supplied by the Admiralty.

At the same time a strongly worded but dignified remonstrance against the gross breach of international usage committed by France and Germany, was addressed to the European Governments and to the United States.

It was long past midnight on Tuesday before the Joint Naval and Military Committee of Defence, which had been hastily summoned, and to which body, in conjunction with Lord Wolsley, Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Goschen, the general arrangements were confided, were able to formulate a definite scheme of action.

This committee, it may be stated, consisted of Mr. George Wyndham, Parliamentary Under Secretary of State for War, the President, and Vice-Admiral Lord Walter Kerr, Rear Admiral Edmund F. Jeffreys, Vice Admiral Sir Compton E. Drouville, Rear Admiral N. Custance, General Sir Evelyn Wood, V. C., General Sir Richard Harrison, General Sir Henry Brackenbury, and Major General Sir John Ardagh, as members. The joint secretaries were Colonel G. Hildebrand and Captain the Hon. Walter G. Stopford, R.N.

Here was a compact company of expert officers in whose collective deliberations, when aided by the Heads of the War Office and Admiralty, together with the Commander-in-Chief, the nation might well have confidence.

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No time was frittered away over questions of routine or precedence. No one wondered whether the Navy should, help the Army or the Army support the Navy. No regulations were quoted to show that, though a suggestion was possible it was not permissible.

From the first meeting of that important conclave dated the disappearance of the "departmental" humbug which nearly brought about a collapse in South Africa, and would have achieved the ruin of England were it not thenceforth banished utterly and for ever.

From the first moment that he was able to calmly concentrate his thoughts upon the problem before him, Lord Wolsley set his face resolutely against any attempt to "rush" the enemy by means of small detachments of troops hastily thrown forward into the Midlands.

"I act on the assumption," he said, "that this central belt of the country has been seized by a very large army corps, if not two, taking into account the numbers of the enemy who were not only permitted to gather unnoticed in our midst"—he now knew of Captain Hamilton's report at the War Office—"but we landed from their warships. Take it, too, that when communication with the North is resumed, it will be found that the southern portions of Lancashire and Yorkshire will mark the limit of occupation in that direction. Any endeavour to take the field against such an enemy, without due preparation and precaution, both in numbers and disposition, is simply to court disaster."

"I agree with you," said Mr. Goschen, "but to what quarter do you look for the earliest effective action?"

"To the Navy."

"Unquestionably," put in Lord Walter Kerr, "we must attack the enemy's ships at Goolse and Liverpool forthwith, and land forces to re-occupy and protect these towns."

"What forces?" asked the Commander-in-Chief.

"Mostly the Royal Marines, with as many sailors as can be spared."

"Excellent. I hope you will formulate your orders at once. All I ask is that the Thames shall not be left unprotected."

Lord Wolsley was not sure that the first attack might not be the herald of a descent upon the Metropolis when the southern littoral was presumably denuded of defence in the endeavour to dislodge the invaders from the Midlands.

His significant words sent a thrill through his hearers, but no further time was spent in discussion. The military and naval branches of the Committee split up for the moment to plunge into details concerning their respective departments.

Information of some value now reached the Admiralty from Holyhead, via the Irish cables. The coast-guard officer at that station reported that the skipper of a small fishing-boat had sighted six men-of-war, apparently French, escorting eight other large vessels, midway between Dublin and Holyhead, about 11 a.m.

They were heading north-east, and a French cruiser had steamed close to the smack and fired at it, bringing down the mast and reducing the little vessel to a mere wreck.

When on the verge of sinking, the skipper and crew, consisting of two men and a boy, were picked up late in the afternoon by a cross-channel steamer, and landed at Holyhead.

This statement showed not only the probable number of the enemy on the west coast, but also explained with sad brevity, the reason why no news of the presence of the fleet had been brought earlier to coast towns by passing vessels.

Every British ship encountered by the cowardly foe on the voyage across the Channel and up the Irish sea had been ruthlessly sunk, whilst the Coast-guard telephone lines at Holyhead and on the Humber had been cut early in the day.

The true extent of the blow struck at England was yet far from being appreciated in London, but in the painful record of occurrences in the Humber there was one slight circumstance which tended somewhat to help the Admiralty in the immediate difficulty which beset them as to the dispatch of a force more than sufficient to deal with the hostile ships.

Captain Charles H. Cross, of H.M. coast-guard ship *Galatea*, stationed at Hull, chanced to place in orders for Monday morning that the *Alarm*, twin-screw torpedo boat of the first class, a small but impudent-looking specimen of her particular type of vessel, should steam out beyond Spurn Head for torpedo practice, subsequently calling at the Withernsea coast-guard station to bring off four sailors stationed there, who were to return to sea duty.

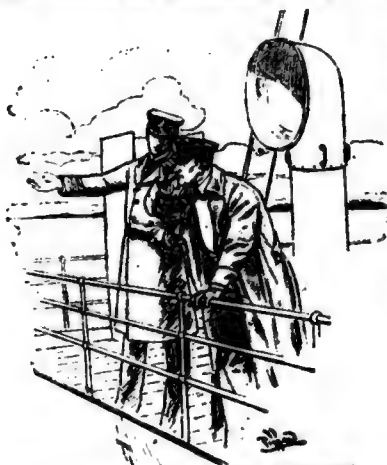
It further happened that the *Alarm* had a fit of the sulks on that particular morning, and managed to develop a bad leak in a steam-pipe which was exceedingly difficult of access.

Lieutenant Herbert Powley, commander of the *Alarm*, duly reported the mischance on Admiralty Form 407 B, and Captain Cross replied on Form 61 A that the defect was to be repaired, and that Monday's orders were to hold good for Tuesday—the next day.

The *Alarm* knew what she was about. Her slight wheeziness in the "A fleet three points on the starboard bow," pipes not only saved her for much further usefulness in the British Navy, but was the cause of great peril and loss to six German cruisers and their accompanying transports.



On Tuesday morning the *Alarm*, more sprightly and saucy than ever, bounced away down to the mouth of the Humber, and made those members of the crew who had been ashore the previous evening wish they had been content with a quart or so short of what they termed a "skinful."



"Look, sir," cried the lieutenant.

"I don't know what ails the little rat this morning," said Engineer George T. Kerswell, addressing Lieutenant James, who was taking the forenoon watch. "She is jumping about like a cork."

"Perhaps she thinks there's a sea dog after her, eh, Mr. Kerswell," said the young

lieutenant, who was by way of being a humourist.

The engineer looked thoughtful for a moment until he remembered his own epithet. Then he laughed, but immediately became very solemn, for Commander Powley came on deck. At sea a sailor always runs down his own ship, and never attempts to joke with the skipper.

At two bells (9 a.m.) the torpedo practice commenced; the run to Withernsea followed.

At one bell in the first dog watch (4.30 p.m.) the *Alarm* was rounding Spurn Head on the return trip when Lieutenant James, who was again on duty, saw something which caused him to re-adjust his telescope with extra care, and wipe the objective lens.

The result of further and clearer examination impelled him to hastily summon an orderly to ask Commander Powley, who was writing a report of the day's proceedings, to come on deck.

A few explanatory words to his chief were succeeded by a prolonged gluing of eyes to telescopes, when both officers were roused from their scrutiny by a cry from the look-out forward.

"A fleet three points on the starboard bow."

"What do you make of them, Mr. James?" asked the Commander.

"It's hard to say, sir. I certainly think it funny."

"Funny?"

"Well, curious. There are several men-of-war there, and not our ships. Some others look like passenger vessels—transports."

"That's what I make them out to be. They are about ten or twelve miles distant?"

"Something like it, sir."

"Then, Mr. James, tell the Chief Engineer to do his best in the way of speed, and—sound 'action.'"

As a baby crying in any part of the *Alarm* could be heard in any other part, the ship's company did not require a particularly loud bugle-call to assemble them.

Her little steel body was soon vibrating to the rapid pulsation of her twin screws, and she was cutting her way through a long swell at a trifle over nineteen knots, the sturdy vessel creating a double wall of flying foam that nearly rendered her invisible.

But the ships in front were travelling rapidly. By half-past five they were off the Killingholme light, and the *Alarm* was still nearly six miles behind them. Every vessel in front was steaming at least sixteen knots.

Each telescope or pair of binoculars on the *Alarm* was directed towards them, whilst, in pursuance of the Commander's orders, the vessel had long since cleared for action.

Mr. Seats, the boatswain, during the performance of some task that required a little time, stood close to Commander Powley, who offered him his glass, asking him what he thought of the affair.

Mr. Seats took a long and steady look at the distant vessels, balancing the telescope by some dynamic principle known only to himself—for every stay or rail was now quivering beneath the wild thrashing of the screws.

"There's no doubt about it, sir," he said at last.

"No doubt about what?"

"Six of 'em is German cruisers. One is the *Kaiserin Augusta*, I'd almost swear. The rest is liners."

Commander Powley took back his glass in silence. When he could not be overheard he said to his brother officer:

"This looks serious, James."

For the moment the commander was forgotten and the friend survived.

"It does, unquestionably. But surely war cannot have broken out in ten hours—in far less, because we should have had a telegram at Withernsea."

"Anything can happen on land."

"True enough. Still, there was no talk of war this morning, beyond the rumours of continental difficulties that are always knocking about, and, in any case, how the—how could a German fleet have got here in the time, even if Germany dared to take the offensive?"

"Don't forget that our naval mobilisation has been going on steadily during the past month."

"I know, but all the same this is a puzzler. What will you do?"

"Do! Go to the *Galatea* for orders, of course."

On no German ship that ever sailed the sea is a good watch kept, and the squadron now sailing into the River Humber provided no exception to this rule. Otherwise they must have seen the *Alarm* in pursuit, and one of the

cruisers could speedily have settled the tiny boat. They had eyes only for the *Galatea*, moored in midstream off the harbour at Hull, and at that moment denuded of more than half her ship's company, for the day's work was done, and many officers and men had gone ashore.

Captain Cross happened to be detained on board by some official correspondence, but he was dressed for dinner with some friends in the town, and the officer of the watch, Lieutenant Walter V. Butler, was pacing to and fro on the bridge to keep himself warm, for the evening, though fine, was chilly.

It was just about half tide, and a number of small vessels were coming up the fairway bound for Hull, Grimsby, or Goole. Not much of interest in them. Lieutenant Butler was congratulating himself that in ten minutes his watch would be relieved, when he suddenly noticed the enemy's fleet, then some four miles distant.

At the same moment the semaphore of a coastguard station on the opposite coast began to work.

Hurriedly calling a signaller, he personally devoted himself to a prolonged examination of the approaching squadron.

"They want to know, sir, what ships those are," said the signaller.

"So do I," growled the lieutenant. "Signal them as 'Unknown,' and here, you" (addressing a passing A.B.) "tell the captain I want him on the bridge at once."

Jack delivered the message verbatim, causing Captain Cross to elevate his eyebrows. He came quickly, however, without comment.

"Look, sir," cried the lieutenant, his inward excitement almost mastering professional gravity.

The captain did look. He kept on looking, but asked some questions.

"What steam is available?"

"Two and a half boilers, sir."

"Hum. How many men ashore?"

"About 150, sir."

"Sound 'action' instantly. Send Commander Holmes to me."

Commander Holmes appeared as if by magic. The incoming ships were now about 4,000 yards distant. The captain gave a few hurried orders, and, in less than half a minute, the clank of a steam windlass showed that the anchor was being raised, and a slight pressure on the telegraph by the captain, caused the propeller to revolve slowly, and the ship's head to come round to face the

strangers.

The tactics of the latter were hardly those of a friendly fleet. The six cruisers which were in the van, some 2,000 yards from the transports, advanced in column, that is two ships abreast.

They flew neither ensigns nor signals, and as they came on at full speed they opened out so as to get a three-quarters broadside bearing on the *Galatea*.

Meanwhile the 230 officers and men on board were working like fiends in clearing guns and hoisting ammunition. There were not hands enough for other preparations in the matter of stowing gear, spars, and generally "making things snug."

If the Germans calculated on taking the British cruiser wholly unawares, they were unwittingly trying to perform the difficult operation known as "catching a weasel asleep."

The *Galatea*, it may here be explained, is a first class armoured cruiser, of 5,000 tons and 5,500 horse power. She carries two 9.2in. guns, ten 6in. quick-firers, and sixteen smaller guns.

With anything like a reasonable warning, her boilers would work up to a forced draught of 8,500 h.p., but now, with barely half her normal head of steam available, she was not able to move at more than twelve knots, besides finding power for the many internal demands made upon the engines.

She carries her two big guns, twenty-two tons each, fore and aft, and five 6in. quick-firers in both the port and starboard batteries.

Besides an armoured belt she has an armoured deck reaching well below water level, and Captain Cross, with a few hours' notice, would have cheerfully tackled any two of the German warships now approaching in such a very suspicious, not to say menacing manner.

But six of them, after five minutes' preparation, with half his boilers cold, and nearly half his crew ashore!

Yet what a wonderful way they have in the Navy. The *Kaiserin Augusta*, of about equal size, but with 14,000 horse power and a speed of twenty-two knots, carrying twelve 5.9in. guns and eight 3.4in. quick-firers, opened the ball, without signal or preface of any sort, by firing a salvo of four of her big guns.

Three projectiles missed, though the range was not more than 2,000 yards. The fourth struck the *Galatea's* foremast well above the fighting top, and tumbled some spars and rigging harmlessly on the deck.

"Oh, that's the game, is it?" quoth Captain Cross. "Well, one against one can go, but one against six must take her chance."

He did not reply until the *Galatea* was athwart the line of the three German ships on the port side. By this means he masked the fire of two of them, though the others on the starboard attack were now joining in.

At 1,500 yards the British ship swung round another couple of points, and her forward 9in. gun sent a projectile crashing into the upper works of the *Kaiserin Augusta*.

Then the *Galatea's* quick-firers took up the game, and as the two vessels neared each other with great rapidity, the smaller guns and Maxims bore a hand.

For a minute and a half the *Galatea* escaped almost unhurt, but in that short space of time her quick-firers had done awful damage to the *Kaiserin Augusta* to such an almost incredible extent, that the crack German cruiser became unmanageable, and her surviving officers and crew were compelled to use their utmost endeavour to prevent her from running ashore, finally letting the anchor go.

But the *Victoria Louise*, *Hertha*, and *Frey*, all first-class twenty-knot cruisers, had now got the range of the *Galatea*, whilst the two remaining vessels, circling rapidly behind the port attack, came up to intercept the onward career of the British ship.

For full five minutes the unequal contest raged. At last, with funnels smashed, and many guns dismounted, with both propellers and bridge carried away and steering-gear destroyed, with plates cracked and fire bursting forth from the upper deck, the gallant *Galatea* drifted up with the tide, being mercilessly hammered with big guns and small long after she had ceased firing.

But they could not sink her. She drifted ashore on the mud banks on the south side of the Humber, and the survivors of her crew managed to escape by swimming.

Marvellous to relate, Captain Cross, who had throughout directed operations from the bridge, was carried into the sea by the wreckage, clung to a portion of it, and finally drifted ashore close to his own ship.

Do you think he was dismayed, or downcast, or in other but the most jubilant state of mind? Not a bit of it. Wet to the skin, covered with mud, shivering with cold, and with his left arm badly hurt, he knew not how or when, he managed to gasp out:

"If she had had full steam up and all her crew aboard, the *Galatea* would have beaten the lot. I believe it. By Heaven, I do!"

Tearing up the Channel, much more like a huge shark than a rat, the *Alarm* panted along to try and take a hand in the fight.

As this was utterly out of the question in a mere matter of distance, Commander Powley turned his attention to the transports, which he quickly saw to be crowded with troops.

He did not fire at any long range, though he possessed 4½-inch quick-firing guns, as this would attract attention: every eye on the enemy's ships was naturally turned to the exciting events going on higher up the river.

The *Alarm* actually came within 150 yards of the *Rheinland* before she was noticed. She was then slowing down, and Lieutenant James and a quartermaster were busy below in the forward part of the vessel, but of their occupation the 1,500 troops and forty-one members of the crew of the *Rheinland* could have no knowledge.

The appearance of the little British torpedo boat, coming up alongside in this friendly and engaging fashion, seemed to create immense excitement on board the German liner.

The troops were armed, and those on the starboard side, facing the *Alarm*, hurriedly commenced loading their weapons.

Before they could fire a shot, however, a long, cigar-shaped object leaped into the sea from an orifice in the port bow of the *Alarm* and cleft its way rapidly towards the *Rheinland*, which it could not fail to hit right amidships.

The clang of the *Alarm's* telegraph bell mingled with a frightful yell of desperation that arose from the doomed transport. The engines on the gunboat had scarce got into swing before there was a dull explosion, and the *Rheinland* keeled over bodily to port, whilst a great wave of water and spray dashed upwards, almost obscuring her from view.

Then a second explosion, the bursting of the German steamer's boilers, followed, and the great ship, wrenched violently into two halves, fell apart and sank.

Her nearest neighbour narrowly escaped the same fate by reversing at full speed, and thus doing £500 worth of damage to her engines. As it was, the Whitehead torpedo only cleared the bows by a few feet.

The guns of the *Alarm* now came into action, and her shells tore through the frail sides of a couple of transports like a blue-bottle in a spider's web.

A terrific rifle fire commenced to patter like hail on the iron plates of the *Alarm*, but she darted on and got another torpedo home on the *Bremen*.

The vessel did not sink, but she had to be beached to save the lives of her human freight.

By this time the two unoccupied cruisers were rushing forward to close with the daring intruder.

Their quick-firing guns were dashing up water on all sides of the British ship, and several of the shells struck, with huge effect, but without inflicting vital damage.



He clung to a portion of the wreckage.



The great ship wrenched violently into two halves, fell apart, and sank.

Commander Powley swung her round close in front of one ship, thus disconcerting the aim of both, but he received a severe hammering from Maxims and 3-pound quick-firers.

Yet his engines and steering gear were intact, and the *Alarm* justified her nickname as a rat by turning in twice her length.

Away she went down channel with the cruisers racing after her, the *Alarm* striving to change her course occasionally to puzzle the German gunners, but not daring to do too much in this direction lest she should lose the advantage of her superior speed, and allow the pursuers to get abreast of her.

The only gun she could use was soon put out of action. Her top hamper was an absolute wreck, and Commander Powley was now crouching near the rudder, which was being worked by hand, and directing the ship's course by guess-work, taking his bearings from the land and the enemy's ships.

Those of his crew who survived were firing methodically with their Lee-Metfords, hoping thus to render the vicinity of the Germans' forward guns as unpleasant as possible.

Thus, firing and being fired at, stoking furiously and pounding away at top speed, pursuers and pursued disappeared into the night and the North Sea.

CHAPTER VI.

AN AFFAIR OF CRUISERS.

The rat shook off the bull-terriers. In other words, the *Alarm* got clear away from the two German cruisers, which collectively, in mere tonnage, were fourteen times her size. The net result of the fight was ludicrously disproportionate to the strength and degree of preparedness of the combatants.

The Germans had lost two transports. One warship was badly damaged, two cruisers and three transports were materially injured, and nearly 2,000 men had disappeared, 1,541 of whom were drowned or killed by the sinking of the *Rheinland*.

The English had lost one cruiser (though the *Galatea*'s hull and engines were so sound that she was able to be rebuilt after the war) and a gunboat, which was much in need of repairs, together with a total of 130 killed and wounded.



They were firing methodically with their Lee-Metfords.

But what was almost of as much importance as this splendid feat of arms, the *Alarm* was able to crack along at full speed to the North—her commander navigating with a pocket compass and by aid of the

coast-lights—there to inform Admiral Sir N. Bowden-Smith concerning the exact disposition, members, and class of the enemy.

Lying off Sheerness was the Training Squadron, commanded by Commodore Edmund S. Poë, and consisting of the flagship *St. George*, the *Cambrian*, *Highflyer*, *Juno*, and *Minerva*.

Of these the *St. George* was the most powerful, her displacement being 7,700 tons and horse-power 12,000. Her armament was heavy and modern, namely two 9.2 guns, ten 6-in. quick-firers, twelve 6-pounders, five 3-pounders, and other smaller guns.

She carried a ship's company of 550 officers and men, and could steam at twenty knots for nine days without coaling. The other four ships were smaller, but formidable, the weakest being the *Cambrian*, 4,360 tons, 9,000 horse-power, armed with two 6-in. quick-firers, eight 4.7-in. guns, and eight 6-pounders, besides the usual complement of light weapons.

Commodore Poë was ordered to at once make for the Humber and seek by any means in his power to detain the enemy's ships there or elsewhere "until assistance arrived."

The people on board the *Alarm* were furious when the Admiral's decision was promulgated. If the little ship was good enough to tackle the whole strength of the enemy single-handed in one daring run, and was able to escape from them afterwards, she was surely good enough to accompany the avengers.

That was the private and personal opinion of every man on the vessel, from the Commander down to the boy in the cook's galley, but no other human being could share their view.

Beyond the fact that a cracked and shattered funnel was held in its place by improvised stays, the upper deck had been completely cleared of all its encumbrances by the German projectiles, and the condition of the main deck was little better.

So, in a nasty fit of the sulks, the *Alarm* was sent to hospital in a dry dock, and her surviving officers and men attached to another ship.

Commodore Poë smiled in a large and expressive manner when he read the concluding words of his instructions.

By some mysterious means their substance became known to nearly every one of the 2,000 men comprising the effective strength of the squadron, and each man of the 2,000 had a terrible fear gnawing at his heart until somewhere about ten o'clock on Wednesday morning.

The fear was that assistance would arrive before they had knocked that German squadron out of or into the German Ocean.

At four bells in the forenoon watch this harrowing doubt vanished, for they sighted the German warships, conveying the transports, and towing the *Kaiserin Augusta*, some ten miles E. by S. of the Spurn Lightship, and there was no other vessel visible in any part of the horizon.

Commodore Poë's orders were to "detain" the enemy, and the only way to detain him under the circumstances was to engage him.

In the forward 22-ton gun barrette Lieutenant Charles F. Thorp was casting a final scrutinising glance round prior to taking his departure for the upper deck, and Gunner George Key was standing by his side, when the attention of both was attracted by a conversation between two members of the gun crew at the ammunition hoist.

"I heard just now, Bill," said one, a stockily-built seaman, as broad as he was long, "that these German beggars are goin' to fight."

"Well?" said the other.

"Don't you know, mutton-head, that we can only steam nineteen knots to their twenty?"

"Well, an' wot if we can?"

The first speaker evidently choked with indignation at Bill's obtuseness. He managed to gasp:

"If I didn't know where you was born, an' the names of yer father an' mother, I should 'ave thought you was a German yourself, Bill Pine."

"Would yer, and wot for I should like to know?"

"Because yer so blamed thick-headed."

"Yer don't say so. All becoss I can't see why these Germans are goin' to fight us although they can steam twenty knots to our nineteen."

"Yes, that's just it. Why don't they run away, you idiot?"

At this juncture Lieutenant Thorp leaned over the hoist and said:

"Are you two hard up for a job?"

A prodigious but quite unnecessary clanking of chains followed, and the Lieutenant, having done something to justify his existence, asked Gunner Key a quite needless question, wiped a microscopic speck of dust off the breech of the gun, and, quite satisfied that all was in order, quitted the barbetto.

It is, perhaps, superfluous to explain that everything had been in apple-pie trim for the expected battle during the preceding two hours.

Bill Pine might well be pardoned if he did not see quite so readily as his mate why five first-class armoured cruisers, all 20-knot boats and much heavier in tonnage and armament, should use their superior speed and fly from the same number of relatively lighter and slower ships, especially when such action would leave for immediate capture a crippled consort and several passenger steamers—the latter, of course, having landed their contents at Goole during the night.

But Bill Pine's mate, hidden away in that portion of his anatomy where he did his thinking, had a sound reason for his philosophy.

Behind the British ships were the records of three centuries of unbroken victory, whilst the most notable achievement of the German navy up to date had been the fearful and wonderful journey of Prince Henry of Prussia to Kiauchau.

The *St. George* and her consorts ploughed ahead through the North Sea with an unquestioning straight-forwardness which seemed to say:

"Here's a fine morning for a fight. Let's have one."

The Germans had tasted the joys of battle the previous day, with one British cruiser, taken by surprise, and a tiny torpedo-boat, and the results were not exactly cheering.

Yet they cleared for action on this occasion secure in the knowledge that they had every advantage in their favour that modern naval science could afford. Most certainly they ought to have won, and with comparative ease.

"Don't you know, mutton-head, that we can only steam nineteen knots to their twenty?"

"Well, an' wot if we can?"

The first speaker evidently choked with indignation at Bill's obtuseness. He managed to gasp:

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"Yes, that's just it. Why don't they run away, you idiot?"

At this juncture Lieutenant Thorp leaned over the hoist and said:

"Are you two hard up for a job?"



Commodore Poë smiled in an expressive manner.

Indeed, as it transpired, the odds were heavier in their behalf than might be assumed at first sight. The *Kaiserin Augusta* was only partially disabled. She was able to steam and steer, with temporary gear, to sufficient extent for slow movement, and her fighting power in guns and men was now little the worse for the severe drubbing she had received from the *Galatea*.

A warship is not unlike a Boer "Long Tom." It may be put out of action every day in the week, but if no vital spot in hull or machinery is touched, it will come up smiling for another round after a reasonable application of hammers to hot iron and files to cold.

The hostile fleets were within ten miles of each other when they commenced to manoeuvre for position.

Commodore Poë was somewhat surprised to see the *Kaiserin Augusta*, cast off her consort's hawser and steam slowly into line herself, the six German ships then turning from their easterly course to meet the British, whilst the transports made off at top speed, in their case an average about sixteen knots.

But the *Kaiserin Augusta*, if she brought valuable guns and men to the fight, brought also an element of weakness in her slow speed and general unhandy state.

The British commander quickly recognised this fact, and to his magnificent use of it depended under Heaven the issue of the conflict.

For the sea battle that now ensued was the first of its kind in the history of the world.

(To be continued.)

His Complaint.

In all garrison towns the military hospitals are daily visited by a field officer, whose business it is to ascertain if the patients have any complaints to make. For reasons that may be easily understood, the inmates of the wards usually refrain from publicly registering their disapproval of any of the conditions under which they may be labouring, and the customary reply to the inspecting officer's inquiry:

"Any complaints?"—is a more or less hearty:

"None, sir!"

At one of the Aldershot hospitals the other day, however, a recruit patient unconsciously broke through tradition in a somewhat unexpected fashion. On the arrival of the field officer, the door of the ward was flung open, and the command:

"Tenshun!" issued by the orderly on duty.

"Any complaints?" asked the visitor, pausing for a moment on the threshold.

"Yes, sir—cold in the head," responded the new arrival promptly.

He Could Cuckoo, Too.

A WELL-KNOWN townsman, who is fond of a good story, whether it is at his own expense or someone else's, tells this:

"I got permission of my wife to go out to a little party the other night. Her parting admonition was to get in not later than midnight, and, of course, I said I would."

"The gentleman who gave the party was an old friend of mine, and the party was given in celebration of his forsaking the careless Bohemian ways of bachelorhood. He had promised to give us a warm time, and his word proved as good as gold. He gave us a good time, and the result was that when I managed to tear myself away the clock had struck two. I finally reached home, unlocked the door, and tiptoed in in a manner which I believed was very quiet. But it was not quiet enough for the ears of my wife."

"Is that you, dear?" she asked sleepily.

"Yes, m' dear, it's me," I replied.

"Something in my voice must have excited her suspicions, for her next question was: 'What time is it, dear?'"

"It's just about twelve, my dear," I answered.

"Just then the cuckoo clock in the dining-room began to strike, and the cold perspiration began to bespangle my brow. After the thing had struck one, a happy thought struck me. The clock finished the third cuckoo, and I cuckooed the other nine. I must have been in fine voice, or my wife must have gone to sleep, for the bluff went, and I went to bed without an angry word."

The "British Weekly" describes this work as "the best historical novel we have read for a long time."

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TWENTIETH CENTURY SECRET SOCIETIES.

MOST OF THEM ARE HARMLESS, BUT A FEW ARE
POSITIVELY DANGEROUS.

THE stringent steps recently taken by the Italian Government in the celebrated Notarbartolo case, in order to run to earth the pestilent "Mafia," have once again drawn attention to the disagreeable fact that the iniquitous secret society of the Middle Ages is by no means unknown in our midst.

As may be imagined, the secret society is only a deeper and more mysterious offspring of the same spirit that in all ages has prompted men to flock together under the common tie of clubdom. So long ago as the date of the earliest Roman records men have clubbed!

Indeed, in striking contrast to our own degenerate times, practically every Roman, from the noblest to the meanest, was a clubman of some sort or other; for we have it on record that even the lowest slaves held their little "swarrys" unchecked by their patrician masters, whilst the chief cook of the Emperor Augustus left, upon his demise, a considerable donation to the Roman "Cooks' Club" of which he was a distinguished ornament.

Similarly, too, the Roman ladies had their own places of meetings, their celebrated "Senate of Matrons," being a state-recognised institution, the special function of which was to discuss matters of dress and etiquette.

Simultaneously with the social and openly religious clubs and societies, there arose a large number of associations, the members of which were

ACCUSTOMED TO MEET IN SECRET

for the practice of more or less mysterious rites. A great many of these secret societies were harmless enough, their main idea being purely philanthropic. We still have a similar organisation in the comparatively modern freemasonry.

Others, such as the "Vehmgerichte" of Germany, the "Beati Paoli" of Sicily, and the "Santa Hermandad," of Castile, existed for the repression of crime; the "Illuminati" had educational aims; the Italian "Carbonari" held anti-Papal views; the German "Tugendbund" compassed the overthrow of Napoleon; the "Swendenborgians" were of a semi-religious persuasion; whilst the more modern "Nihilists" and the "Clan-na-Gael" are anarchically political. On the other hand, however, many societies, such as the Spanish "Garduna" and the French "Chaffeurs" were purely criminal, and have ever held a tremendous power for ill in the world's history.

Such a society is the "Mafia."

To English ears, unaccustomed as they are to that fearful thirst for vengeance, that spirit of the vendetta which still disfigures so much of sunny Italy, it is hard to explain the real power and scope of the Mafiosi. Briefly, the Mafia is a species of freemasonry of the lowest possible description, the main objects of which are the protection of all its members who transgress the laws. In other words, it may be regarded as an anarchist's protection society, of which the power is unlimited, and the tolls are everywhere.

The members of the Mafia are legion, and, strangely enough, more often than not join against their own free will. The rich man joins either to advance his personal position, to carry on an hereditary feud, or because it is intimated to him that his influence and wealth are necessary to the society. If he refuses,

HIS CROPS SUDDENLY TAKE FIRE;

his cattle eat something poisonous; or he himself is either found dead, or is carried by "brigands" into the mountains and held, for all the world like a pledged article in a pawnbroker's shop, until a heavy ransom is paid.

The poor man, too, is equally bound to throw in his lot with the Mafia. Nor can one wonder at his choice when we recall the alternatives. Upon the one hand his endeavours to earn an honest living will be boycotted by practically all his neighbours, and even by the large landowners and shopkeepers to whom he may apply for work. Once let him join the brotherhood, however, and no matter what his crime he will be protected to the last penny of the association. Here is a case in point:

Some months ago, one M. Notarbartolo was appointed by the Italian Minister of the Interior to inquire into certain financial scandals, by which M. Patizollo, Member of Parliament for Palermo, was alleged to have defrauded the Bank of Sicily of large sums of money. So fearlessly did the unfortunate Notarbartolo execute his commission, that he was immediately murdered by a man named Fontaine, who is alleged to have been instigated to the commission of the deed by Patizollo's use of the machinery of the Mafia.

Needless to say, no Sicilian jury dared to convict either the murderer or his instigator. Both men were members of the Mafia, and Sicilian jurymen know full well that those who bring justice to a Mafiosi may expect to pay the extreme penalty at the earliest possible convenience of his brethren. Similarly, too, the judges feared to convict, the police "lost" their most important papers, and the lawyers were equally culpable. It is, however, satisfactory to see that the Italian Government is bringing every possible means

of pressure to bear upon the Society in order to break it up, even to shifting the entire case from Palermo to Milan, or practically the entire length of Italy. Whether, however, the Society has yet run its allotted span is an extremely moot point. Indeed, it would surprise no one if, on the contrary, the Government itself went under, as the result of the conflict.

The ceremony of initiating a Mafiosi is much the same in all branches of the Society. The candidate smears the effigy of the saint with the blood obtained by cutting his own thumb. He then sets fire to the little figure and takes the following form of oath:

"I swear on my honour to be faithful to the Brotherhood. As this saint and the drops of my blood are destroyed, so will I shed all my blood for the fraternity; and as these ashes and this blood can never be restored, so can I never become free from the Brotherhood."

He then shoots at a crucifix (to signify his willingness to kill even his nearest relative if bidden by the Society) and the ceremony is complete.

So far as can be ascertained, the Mafiosi keep no written records of any nature whatsoever. Their commands are invariably transmitted by word of mouth and death by the dagger is the usual reward of disobedience. The bond that unites the members is neither political nor religious, since men of all creeds and political opinions are alike dominated by its acts. Each large town has its Secretary, who keeps the local units of the Society in touch with the governing body, the constitution of which is known only to very few.

The usual meeting-places of the Mafia are

THE GREAT CATTLE FAIRS,

at which they assemble from Girgenti, Palermo, Frapani, and other provinces for the discussion of their plans. Like our own criminal classes, they disguise their conversation by the use of a species of back slang peculiar to themselves.

They identify strange members by means of a few apparently every-day questions, to which a set form of reply is given by the initiated. The central stronghold of the Mafia is in Sicily, where every other person one meets belongs to this terrible organisation.

A very similar society is that known as the Comorra of Naples, the members of which can be hired at a fixed tariff for the perpetration of practically any iniquity. Its record is similar to that of the Mafia, although, owing to the comparative smallness of its scope, it is perhaps less well known to the foreigner. So far back as 1862 M. Marc Monnier issued a pamphlet denouncing its many iniquities, and since that day it has fully lived up to its evil reputation.

In the winter of 1872-3 an English doctor, who had an exceedingly good practice near the Ohiaia, was suddenly directed by a mysterious letter to remit the sum of 1,000 francs to a certain post-office, under pain of instant death. He immediately retorted by engaging

A BODYGUARD OF FOUR MEN.

The Comorra, however, were not so easily disposed of, and speedily informed him that one of his children would be murdered in his place. He only escaped a certain fate by instant flight and the total loss of his splendid practice.

In 1878 the Comorra found another English victim. This time it was an inoffensive horticulturist, who, by his successful sale of flowers, interfered with the monopoly hitherto enjoyed by the clients of the Comorra. He was murdered one evening in his garden, as a warning to all would-be competitors of the other Comorra flower growers.

About the same time, too, a certain Carlo Borrelli, who had offended the Society, was foully murdered by its orders. The murderer, one Raffaele Exposito, was captured, and, upon his passage under escort through the Toledo, received a remarkable ovation from the Neapolitans. The whole populace showered flowers and blessings upon his head, whilst they did not scruple to

BRUTALLY MUTILATE THE BODY

of the murdered man, as it was awaiting burial in the mortuary of the Poggio Reale Cemetery. Allowing for the vast difference of temperament engendered by the difference in latitude, there are few substantial points of variance between Hooligans of Clerkenwell and the Neapolitan Comorra.

Nor is the secret society wholly confined to the Latin race. On the contrary; there is no country in the world upon which it has taken a greater hold than the United States. Needless to say, perhaps, the blood and violence which are the distinctive characteristics of the Italian societies, are here entirely lacking. The chief object of the American societies, is the monetary and political advancement of their members; but the means adopted, although generally well within the letter of the law, are not such as commend themselves to the moralist.

According to Mr. W. S. Harwood, the membership of the societies is approximately five and a half million adult males, so that practically every sixth man you meet is connected with one or other of them. The oaths of membership and of secrecy are more binding than any other known to man. It is only necessary to mention the name of "Tammany" in order to convey some slight idea of what America can do in the way of big fraternities, whilst the membership of her colossal secret societies is increasing at the rate of a quarter of a million souls annually.

LAST ANNOUNCEMENT.

FOOTBALL SKILL COMPETITION.

£100 Prize Awarded Weekly,
OR
£50 in Consolation Gifts.

The football matches named below will be played on Saturday, March 31st. To the competitor from whom we receive the correct result of all these matches we will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS. If more than one succeeds in giving a correct forecast the money will be divided. In the case of no competitor giving all the results FIFTY POUNDS will be paid in Consolation Gifts. If between now and the close of the football season any one competitor wins the hundred pounds prize in full three times consecutively we will make him a further present of

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS.

1. Coupons may be sent either from P.W. or WAN PICTURES.
2. Nobody must enter for this competition who will not abide by the Editor's decision as final.
3. All coupons must reach us not later than Saturday, March 31st, first post.
4. Competitors should cut out the above coupon, score it as directed, put their name and address in the space provided, and send to "FOOTBALL No. 31," Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, W.C.
5. All coupons are at senders' risk, and if they go astray, from whatever cause, we do not accept responsibility.
6. Competitors must attach their private address to their attempts. No prize will be sent to any post-office, refreshment rooms, or other place at which letters are called for. Attempts bearing such addresses will be disqualified.

You should get the football coupon in WAN PICTURES. It is the simplest thing of the kind. You have one forecast free and you may have as many more as you like at one penny a time with this surprising discount, viz., that you may make nine extra attempts for sixpence and eighteen for one shilling.

SEE PAGE 636 FOR THE RESULT OF
COMPETITION No. 28.

Football Coupon No. 31.

Matches to be played on Saturday, March 31st.
Cross out which you consider will be the losing club. For a draw don't cross out either.

- | | | |
|-------------------------|---|-----------------------|
| 1 Preston North End | v | 2 Newcastle United. |
| 3 Notts Forest | v | 4 Sheffield United. |
| 5 Glossop | v | 6 Manchester City. |
| 7 Stoke | v | 8 Notts County. |
| 9 Sunderland | v | 10 Bury. |
| 11 West Bromwich Albion | v | 12 Derby County. |
| 13 Everton | v | 14 Blackburn Rovers. |
| 15 Burnley | v | 16 Aston Villa. |
| 17 Wolverhampton Wand. | v | 18 Liverpool. |
| 19 Bolton Wanderers | v | 20 Walsall. |
| 21 Loughborough | v | 22 Burslem Port Vale. |
| 23 Sheffield Wednesday | v | 24 Leicester Fosse. |
| 25 Small Heath | v | 26 Woolwich Arsenal. |
| 27 Gainsborough Trinity | v | 28 Middlesbrough. |
| 29 Bristol City | v | 30 Portsmouth. |
| 31 Chatham | v | 32 Reading. |

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This Insurance holds good for any number of claims to the extent of £1,000—not for one only. £1,000 specially guaranteed by the OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 40, 42, and 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notice of claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address. Insurance ticket, applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland, issued under section 33 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS

will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets, and post-office officials in any of the railway sorting vans, and railway servants travelling with pass or railway servants' ticket in an ordinary carriage), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on the first page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of Pearson's Weekly may decide to be Next-of-kin of any cyclist or football player who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle, or playing football, provided that deceased at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on the first page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address, within three days of its occurrence.

The above conditions are the essence of the contract. This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Bisks No. 3 and 2.

The Purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk. N.B.—Subscribers who have only paid a twelve-months' subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newagent, or to the publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

"Pearson's War Atlas and Gazetteer" is an extraordinary twopennyworth. It contains over twenty maps of the seat of war, and much valuable and interesting matter.

Margarine or Butter? Medicine or Substitute?

Supposing, when you asked for a pound of Butter, that the shopman were to say:

"Oh, don't have Butter; have Margarine. It's just the same thing, or even better, except that the name's different."

Would you accept that substitute? Certainly not.

And supposing that, not content with your refusal, the shopman still persisted in arguing about it: suppose he put the real, the genuine Butter side by side with the Substitute, saying:

"I understand these things; you don't. The Substitute is really just the same as the real Butter,"

and, in fact, talked as if you were really rather foolish to insist upon having real Butter when you asked for Butter. What would you think in such a case, and what would you do?

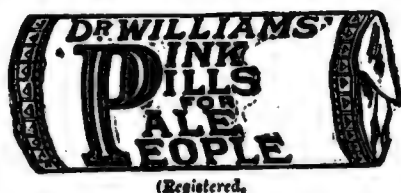
You would come to the conclusion that the Shopman must have a very low opinion of your intelligence; you would go away and buy not only your Butter, but anything else which you wanted, elsewhere. That would be the wise course. In that way you would show that the man made a mistake in thinking you easy to impose upon.

Some years ago, when Margarine was first invented, they used to pack it up very much like real Butter, and label it with names resembling Butter: "Butterine," and so on. Parliament put a stop to this. You can now distinguish Butter from Margarine by the label. Margarine, honestly sold as such, is a useful article, and no honest Butterman attempts to sell it as Butter.

But apply the same idea to some Notorious Substitutes. DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE are well known to you. These Pills have cured a number of painful, dangerous, and troublesome diseases among your neighbours—diseases such as Anæmia, St. Vitus' Dance, Rheumatism, Consumption, Paralysis, Indigestion. They give new blood to Bloodless People, and new Strength to Weak People. Supposing you go to a shop and ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills (you should always be careful to ask for Dr. Williams'); and supposing the shopman offers you something else—a Substitute—which he declares to be "just as good," or "the same thing," and probably cheaper, you will be wise to draw the same conclusion as in the case of the man who tries to sell you Margarine for Butter. The man who tries to sell you a Substitute instead of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills thinks you "simple." He will be persistent; he will keep on talking about it. He may put the two side by side—the Genuine Pills and the Substitute—and say:

"Look, they are exactly alike!"

But they are not exactly alike. There is no resemblance between them. Substitutes can never be Dr. Williams' Pink Pills any more than Margarine can be Butter. And you can tell the difference by the label, in this case, as in the other. This is how the real pills look:



Genuine.

Genuine.

(in a pink wrapper, with the name in red). Look for all the seven words of the title, and do not accept anything that does not bear these words. If the shopman will insist on trying to make you buy a Substitute, go away. Have no more to do with him. He will cheat you in other things besides this, if he finds you so simple as to accept his substitutes in this case.

The Character of Substitutes

is shown by everything connected with them. They are often a good deal cheaper than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, yet a dishonest shopkeeper is anxious to sell them. Why? *Because, however cheap they are, he can still make more profit by selling useless Substitutes made of common drugs, than by selling the Genuine Pills*

It is hardly necessary to say more. But another thing also marks the character of the Substitute—the sham Pink Pills that are not Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. *They are got up to trade on other people's reputation—to sell on the reputation of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.* It is not to be expected that goods got up in that spirit will be honest goods; and, in point of fact,

Substitutes Never Cured Anyone.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured more than 27,000 cases. Below is printed *one* case. If the substitute-mongers could point to such a cure as this, do you not think they would do so? But they cannot. Substitutes are simply a plan to sell common drugs in a deceptive form. It is only the genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that really cure.

ONE CASE OUT OF TWENTY-SEVEN THOUSAND.

Mrs. Hodder, wife of a master builder, residing at The Bungalow, Longlands Park Road, Sidcup, Kent, said to a reporter, who took down her words:

"I had been a great sufferer. At times I could do nothing. I could not feed myself. I could not stand. I was, as it were, completely paralysed. From a child I had been a great sufferer from neuralgia, which in later years developed into what one doctor termed Neuralgic Gout, and another Muscular Rheumatism. For about two years I was under the care of my doctor, who took a very great interest in my case and was very kind to me, but he told me he could do no more, as he felt it was a hopeless case. Acting upon advice, I consulted a specialist. He did not say that I should ever get better, or that I should not, but he said he had never seen anyone's nerves in a more dreadful state. He prescribed for me; and I was under his treatment for about ten months, but I was still suffering. The agony was awful. I was becoming a perfect skeleton under the stress of this terrible pain. My life was miserable; I could not eat and I could not sleep. I never knew what it was to sleep unless I had a sleeping draught. I was as helpless sometimes as a little babe; I could not lift a cup to my mouth at times. I fell down in my house three times, and on one occasion it took three-quarters of an hour for me to sufficiently recover to pull myself up by a chair. Mr. Hodder wished me for a long time to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I had quite given up hopes of recovery, and had said, 'I will try nothing else,' for where so many remedies had failed, I thought the pills would be of no use. My husband procured a box, however, and I soon began to feel better. I could sleep better, and began to enjoy my food. I continued to take the pills. Before, of course, I did not for months get downstairs at all. I could not stand on my feet. My limbs used to be stiff and swollen, and my hands and feet perfectly rigid, and if you had given me £100 I could not have moved them."



"You attribute, then, your recovery entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?"

"Oh yes; it is the pills. I have no doubt of that at all, because I have been so different since I began to take them. I now take no other medicine, and I would not be without them. I recommend them to all my friends."

Asked as to whether she knew of other cases where Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had been effectual, Mrs. Hodder continued: "We have two young friends—man and wife—who suffered terribly from Neuralgia. I recommended them to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and recently asked the husband whether he had done so. 'Yes, I have,' he replied, 'and I have found nothing to go to the root of Neuralgia like these did. They have done me good, and my wife is taking them now.'"

Mrs. Hodder added that her husband, who had suffered very much from Rheumatism, had also derived benefit from the use of the pills, and was continuing to use them. She knew several people in the district who had, upon her recommendation, also tried the pills and had derived benefit from them.

To Avoid the Tiresome Talk of Substitutes

the best plan is to avoid their shops altogether. Go where you are served cheerfully and respectfully with what you ask for. If there is any difficulty, write direct to Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Holborn Viaduct, London, enclosing the price—2s. 9d. for one Box, 13s. 9d. for six boxes. But if for any reason you must go to a shop where substitutes are sold, take care to ask for Dr. Williams', and see that you get them, with full name on the label.

HOME NOTES PAGE.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

ISOBEL will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

Remedy for Corns. Try the milky juice of a common dandelion, a single application of which will probably cause the corn to disappear as if by magic. (Reply to C. TANNER.)

Polish for Kid Boots. Beat up the whites of two eggs with an equal quantity of water and a lump of sugar candy. This should be quite transparent and not sticky. It is good for all fine leather, especially kid. (Reply to E. H.)

Firelighters. To every pound of resin allow three ounces of tallow. Melt it, and when hot stir in pine sawdust to make it very thick. Sprinkle dry sawdust on a board, and spread on it the mixture while yet hot, about an inch thick. When cold break into lumps two inches square. (Reply to F. D. A.)

Pork Pudding is very good. Make a light suet crust, and with it line a pudding basin, cut up some pork, dip each piece in flour, season with chopped onion, sage, pepper, and salt. When the basin is full, add a little water or stock, and cover with paste. Boil three or four hours. "Trimings," which can be cheaply bought of a pork butcher, make an excellent pudding.

Toilet Vinegar. Half a pint of Bordeaux, or best malt vinegar, half a pint of good brandy, a teaspoonful of essence of bergamot, a pint of rose or elder flowerwater. Mix the bergamot with the spirit, then add the vinegar and finally the rosewater. It may be cleared by straining through a funnel lined with clean blotting paper; but in use it will make little difference whether clear or cloudy. (Reply to GRACE.)

Wash your Flannels thus, and you will find that they do not shrink. Shred a piece of best yellow soap, boil it in a quart of soft water. Have ready a tub of warm (not hot) soft water, pour in the boiled soap, and make a lather. Place the flannels to be washed in this, wash them well, but on no account rub soap on to them. Rinse in warm water, wring and dry as quickly as possible in the open air, or fairly near a fire. (Reply to R. F. M.)

Orange Marmalade. Slice thinly twelve Seville oranges and two lemons, removing the seeds. To every pound of pulp allow three pints of cold water. Let it stand for twenty-four hours, then boil till the chips are tender and clear. Let it stand till next day. To every pound of boiled fruit allow a pound and a half of lump sugar. Boil, stirring constantly, till the syrup jellies, and the chips are quite clear. The great point in making good home-made marmalade is to see that the chips are very thin. Sharp knives must be used for this work. (Reply to NEMO.)

Make this Delicious Rhubarb Preserve at once while the fruit is tender. Peel one pound of the finest rhubarb and cut it into inch lengths, adding three-quarters of a pound of white sugar and the juice and rind of one lemon, the rind to be cut in narrow strips. Place all in a preserving-pan, and simmer gently until the rhubarb is soft, take it out carefully with a wooden or silver spoon and put it into jars, then boil the syrup till it jellies, and pour it over the fruit. When cold, tie the jars down with a bladder or gummed paper to exclude the air.

Children Feel the Heat a great deal more than grown-up people, and it is difficult, during the hotter months of the year, to know how to clothe them. For little girls of eight and upwards, a loose coat and skirt, worn with a cotton shirt, is both cool and becoming. What, then, is to be done to make the very little girls comfortable? This question is soon answered: a pinafore dress is just the thing for them, and with this week's HOME NOTES the pattern of the pinafore-portion is presented gratis, to fit a child of four to six years. Any blouse can be worn with this, and so considerable variety is attainable. On smarter occasions, a silk blouse may replace the cotton one. A little dress of this kind, with a Dutch bonnet and short cape to match, would make an extremely useful costume, smart enough for all times.



Camphor Balls. Melt together two ounces of lard, two ounces of white wax, and half an ounce of powdered camphor. Very useful for chapped hands. (Reply to VOUSSETTE.)

To Dye your Alpaca Dress I should advise you to buy some prepared dye. To make a small quantity at home is really more expensive, and the result is often not so good. (Reply to ALPACA.)

When Stuffing a Fowl which is to be roasted, prepare and insert the seasoning over night, and stuff the bird. By this process the flavour of the stuffing penetrates through the whole bird, and makes it very delicious.

Ink stains on Boards may be removed by using either strong vinegar or salts of lemon. If the above fails scour the boards with sand wet with water, to which a few drops of vitriol are added. Then rinse in soda water.

To Make Milk More Digestible, warm it to about blood-heat, add a pinch of salt, and stir gently. I have known people take milk prepared in this way who could not digest it when cold. (Reply to TRANSVAAL.)

The Temperance Ginger Wine recipe you require is evidently the following. Pour five quarts of boiling water on two pounds of loaf sugar, and three quarters of an ounce of tartaric acid. When cold, add two drachms of essence of ginger, two drachms of essence of capsicum, colour with a little burnt sugar, strain through muslin, and bottle for use. (Reply to PECKHAM.)

Ink is made in this way. Bruise half a pound of nut-galls, and stand in one quart of water (shaking it now and then) for about four hours. Then add three ounces and a half of gum arabic, and when that is quite dissolved, three ounces of copperas. To prevent the ink becoming mouldy when kept, add three or four drops of crocote; this gives a pleasant, tar-like smell to the ink, and does not corrode the pens as chloride of mercury would do. (Reply to W. BRIDLINGTON.)

Smothered Rabbit is a good way of serving the contents of a tin of boiled rabbit. If the sauce be good, few will detect the meat is not fresh cooked. Make a pint of good onion sauce, and pour it into a jar, stand the jar in a saucepan of boiling water on the fire. Take pieces of rabbit from the tin, scrape off all jelly, drop into the onion sauce, and stir occasionally till it is quite hot. Arrange the meat on a very hot dish, and garnish with rashers of bacon.

Waterproof Paper is very much in request nowadays for wrapping up meat, butter, covering preserves, and so on. This recipe will, therefore, I feel, be much appreciated. Dissolve four ounces of alum, and six ounces of Castile soap in a quart of water, and one ounce of gum Arabic, and two ounces of blue separately in one quart of water. Mix this solution well, heat slightly, pour a little into a large flat dish. Pass single sheets of white paper through the fluid, and hang up to dry.

This is the Way I Preserve Eggs for winter use, and find it very successful. To every gallon of water put one pound of quicklime, pour the water when boiling on the quicklime, and let it stand for twenty-four hours. Procure a wide-mouthed brown earthenware pan, well glazed inside, and large enough to hold about a hundred eggs. Place the eggs carefully in the jar, discarding all those that have thin shells or are in the least cracked. Pour in the lime-water, cover the vessel with a slate, stand it in a cellar, but not on the floor. I always add a little salt to each jarful of eggs, to prevent the water from freezing.

Timbale of Veal. Boil some macaroni till tender in water, seasoned with pepper and salt. Grease a medium-sized round cake tin, cover the bottom with coils of macaroni and the sides with upright pieces laid closely together. When the tin is covered, fill carefully with mince-meat made thus: Take the remains of some cold veal, pass it three times through a mincing machine, adding, if possible, a little ham. Pound it with a small piece of butter; season with cayenne, salt, allspice, chopped parsley, and grated lemon. Moisten with a little milk or two well-beaten eggs. When the tin is quite full cover with macaroni. Tie buttered paper over the top and steam it for three-quarters of an hour. Serve turned out with a thick brown sauce poured round. Lay thin slices of beetroot in the gravy, and dust chopped parsley over the whole. The success of this dish, as, indeed, of all made dishes, depends greatly on its seasoning.

Isobel

HINTS TO SMALL INVESTORS.

Under this heading we reply to letters upon subjects connected with the investment of money. Careful consideration is given to every question submitted to us. Letters to be answered in the next possible issue must reach us not later than the first post on Tuesday morning and be addressed to the Investment Editor, "Pearson's Weekly," Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

It cannot be too forcibly impressed upon the average small investor that those so-called stockbrokers who circulate and advertise the provinces are, in most cases, quite unreliable persons. The best class of outside broker does not tout in this manner, and as for members of the Stock Exchange, one of the most stringent laws under which they are controlled is that in no manner or form whatever are they allowed to advertise themselves. Only the other day a case was brought under our notice in which the name of a Stock Exchange firm had inadvertently crept into print, with the result that the said firm was called to account by the General Committee.

Here are some moderate-priced, and yet safe, shares to which small investors may with advantage turn their attention. The Preference shares of H. Hermann Ltd. scarcely stand at par, and yet they are practically safe for 10 per cent. Botril Preference carry 5½ per cent., which has always been paid after 7 per cent. has been distributed on the Ordinary and a dividend paid on the Deferred. These shares at about par are well worth attention, and the Ordinary, though not quite so secure, are among the good things of the market. Readers may rest assured that the company is doing big business.

LONDON AND WESTMINSTER BANK shares at 61 seem a good investment. They are £2½ paid, and though at the worst times only 10 per cent. was paid, the dividend has been as high as 18 per cent. and now seems to be advancing again to that figure. Lloyd's Bank shares, and the higher price to which they are likely to rise have previously been referred to in *Pearson's Weekly*. London City and Midland is another cheap Bank share. With bonuses, 18 per cent. has usually been paid of recent years. The shares are £12 10s. paid, and at present stand only at 51½. It is surprising that Bank shares are not more frequently chosen by small investors.

READERS of this column may well beware of shares in the big "combine" companies that have swamped the market of late. An excellent example of this class of enterprise is supplied by the Calico Printers flotation. That company was floated a few months ago with an immense capital, so large indeed that even the certificate in the prospectus showed that only a very small profit could be spared for the ordinary shares. As the flotation was made at an inopportune time, when business was at its lowest, members of the market were shrewd enough to sell "bears" of the shares. But the allotments were arranged so that employees of the company and others held most of these shares. The latter, naturally, have held on, with the result that a premium has been maintained. But the position is completely artificial, and the first appearance of substantial selling in the market will result in a collapse in the price.

The paragraph dealing with Stock Exchange terms seems to have caused satisfaction to many readers unversed with the mysterious language of Throgmorton Street. The term "splits" is a puzzle to many. It arises from the fact that when A sells a block of shares to B, the latter may sell them in two lots to C and D. This necessitates an extra transfer stamp, the cost of which is claimed on the fact that the shares have been split.

MANY are the pitfalls of the Westralian market, though small investors, as is their wont, are prone to choose its dangerous paths. Associated and Lake Views have proved veritable gold mines to wire-pullers behind the scenes, but far more money has been lost than made by small investors tempted to dabble in the shares of these companies—and more savings will still be lost before the mines are much older. It is true that here and there are Westralian companies whose shares form a fair speculation, but they are not to be found among the top-heavy group. Boulders, Boulder Perseverance, Hampton Plains, Hannons Central, Boulder Main Reef and West Australian goldfields are among those worth considering.

PERSONAL ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

W. R. B.—Witwatersrand Deep were included in list. Day Dawn, P. C. shares are a fair speculation.—J. M. H.—The reply has been forwarded.—"Yorkshire."—You cannot do better than Lloyd's Bank shares.—S. M. (Lisburn).—You had better sell.—A. D. (Bristol).—The company is not known in London financial circles.—W. T. C.—Cannot do better than the Birkbeck.—"South African."—Better hold Consolidated Gold Fields.—"Monmouth."—Sell Phoenix Gold Mine shares. Central Boulders may be held. Pauco Copper shares are highly speculative.—"Clyde."—You say your money is invested in absolute security yielding four per cent.; keep it there by all means.—"Twilight."—Do not continue in Provident Association, as you have paid no few instalments.—"Glasgow."—Bulwary's syndicate shares are likely to see higher prices. Bayley's United may see a rise, in which case the best plan is to take your profit.—"L. W. S."—Had better sell.—"F. W. S."—The full name of the company is the Ashanti Goldfields Corporation Limited.—"O. H. W."—Your question has been dealt with.—"W. M. M."—Do not invest in the Grocery and Provision Shop Association, of 147 Oxford Street.—"G. B."—You will find a reference to Calico Printers above.—"W. R. G."—The shares are at a discount.—"Major."—They are outside brokers of questionable character.—"D. D."—We send name of broker, as desired.

POSTAL RATES.

Name of Publication.	One Year	Half Year	3 Months
Pearson's Weekly	8 8	4 4	2 2
Home Notes	8 8	4 4	2 2
Short Stories	6 6	3 3	1 8
The Sunday Reader	8 8	4 4	2 2
M. A. P.	6 6	3 3	1 8
Illustrated War News	6 6	3 3	1 8
Pearson's Magazine	9 9	4 6	2 3
Royal Magazine	6 6	3 3	1 8
Dressmaking at Home	2 6	—	—
Home Cookery	4 6	—	—
War Pictures, 2½d. per copy, post free.			
ALL POST FREE.			

1900. JAN.	FEBRUARY.	MARCH.	APRIL.	MAY.	JUNE.	JULY.	AUGUST.
M 1 14 21 28 T 2 15 22 29 W 3 16 23 30 T 4 17 24 31 F 5 18 25 S 6 19 26	M 4 11 18 25 T 5 12 19 26 W 6 13 20 27 T 7 14 21 28 F 8 15 22 29 S 9 16 23 30	M 4 11 18 25 T 5 12 19 26 W 6 13 20 27 T 7 14 21 28 F 8 15 22 29 S 9 16 23 30	M 1 8 15 22 29 T 2 9 16 23 30 W 3 10 17 24 T 4 11 18 25 F 5 12 19 26 S 6 13 20 27	M 6 13 20 27 T 7 14 21 28 W 8 15 22 29 T 9 16 23 30 F 10 17 24 31 S 11 18 25	M 3 10 17 24 T 4 11 18 25 W 5 12 19 26 T 6 13 20 27 F 7 14 21 28 S 8 15 22 29	M 1 8 15 22 29 T 2 9 16 23 30 W 3 10 17 24 31 T 4 11 18 25 F 5 12 19 26 S 6 13 20 27	M 4 11 18 25 T 5 12 19 26 W 6 13 20 27 T 7 14 21 28 F 8 15 22 29 S 9 16 23 30

NOW YOU KNOW.

A gold-plated pencil-case will be awarded to each person whose letter is dealt with on this page.

THE competition for the best set of conditions to be observed by members of rifle clubs in a National Trophy Competition has been one of the most successful ever instituted by P.W., and testifies to the great interest taken by all classes in the movement for making rifle shooting a national pastime. Many valuable suggestions and hints have reached this office, and I have awarded the prize of One Guinea to Captain Iremonger, Villa Lido, Mentone, France, whose "Conditions" are quite the best received. One of the results of this competition is to prove conclusively that there would be no lack of members for rifle clubs in every part of these Islands; our young men are ready and eager to join them in their respective towns and villages so soon as clubs are organised. But whereas "legion" is the name of those willing to become members, the number of those who are in a position to organise rifle clubs is, naturally, very much smaller. In this case, as in so many others, we want leaders; we want patriotic men who have the time or the money—or both—to devote to the establishment of rifle clubs in their own districts and thereby earn the gratitude and praise of the nation by furthering a scheme of national defence which circumstances are rendering absolutely necessary. The wave of patriotic enthusiasm which has swept over this country in the present crisis affords sufficient proof that we have among us thousands of men able to undertake this work of organisation, and it is to them I appeal for assistance in the formation of rifle clubs in every city, town, and important village in the United Kingdom. I invite their help, in the first instance, in the way of suggestions; and I also ask my readers to aid me by forwarding the names of those who would be likely to take part in the work of organisation if the matter were brought directly to their notice. In my opinion volunteers should be admitted to membership of rifle clubs—their experience would be invaluable—and I invite the aid of commanding officers in this really patriotic endeavour. I shall be pleased to receive communications on this subject, which I propose to take up in an energetic manner, and I hope to announce in early issues of this paper a great forward movement in a cause which every Briton has so much at heart. I shall be glad to receive sets of rules and other details from secretaries of existing rifle clubs. All communications should be addressed to The Secretary, Rifle Club Department, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

PENCIL-CASES have been awarded to the following competitors in the National Trophy Competition:

R. Smith, "Burnbank" Cottage, Mountgrannu, Irvine, N.B.; W. Black, Secretary Glasgow Morris Tube Club, 330 Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow; T. Lane, 37 Humpage Road, Birmingham; W. Gerrard, Authors' Club, 3 Whitehall Court, S.W.; J. Dutton, The Castle, Chester; Sergeant T. Tooley, Depot Suffolk Regiment, Bury St. Edmunds; W. H. Calcott, 115 Greenville Road, Plymouth; Sergeant J. Miller, 146 Waddell Street, Glasgow; G. Howard, 4 Glenear Villas, Henderson Avenue, Curshill Road, Belfast; W. S. Harman, 34 Upper John Street, Hoxton, N.

G. B. asks me if I can tell him how it is that if he adds a pint of alcohol to a pint of water the resultant liquid is not equal to a quart. It is due to the specific gravity or density. If you place in some receptacle a volume of water which will weigh 10lb., and then fill a similar receptacle with alcohol, you will find that the latter weighs only about 8lb. The best non-scientific explanation is the following: Imagine the globules of water to be small shot; if you fill a pint measure with these, you will understand that there is a certain amount of space between the shot which might be filled up with some small particle without causing any overflow. Now the globules of alcohol act somewhat in this way when mixed with the globules of water; hence the two pints do not make a quart—some of the globules fill up the spaces and the rest swell the volume. You might try the experiment of filling a pint measure with sawdust, and seeing how much water you can pour into that without it overflowing.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL COMPETITION No. 28.

Nobody gave an absolutely correct forecast in this competition, and the consolation gift of £50 has been divided among the following:

Albert Downes, 5 Albert Street, Oswaldtwistle; Susan Phillips, 74 Tudor Road, Cardiff; A. B. Cobbin, Walpole Station, Wichech; Walter Jones, Hop Villa, New England, Peterboro; W. Wallis, Lerryn, Lostwithiel; W. Jeffreys, 40 King Street, Carmarthen, South Wales.

"Now that this country will be called upon to bear the expenses of the war," writes DELIVERY NOTE, "I would beg to point out the way in which the Inland Revenue is yearly done out of a lot of money. On the Stamp Duties it mentions that delivery orders should bear a penny stamp. Now, at every Railway Station Goods Department in this country, there are numbers of delivery orders from the Company's customers dealt with daily; for example, a sender in London consigns goods to their order at a Provincial station; they then send the goods agent at that station a delivery order to deliver the goods to one or more ultimate consignees. For these orders to be legal, they should bear a penny stamp; but I would point out that since last July a friend of mine has dealt with nearly 1,000 of these documents, of which only about a dozen have been stamped, these latter being from the same firm. Can something be done to point this out to the Government? The omissions take place from oversight more than from wilful negligence, I believe." What have the Inland Revenue authorities to say on this subject?

In view of the fact that the football season is drawing to a close, the competition announced on page 632 will be suspended next week. This, therefore, will be the last coupon this season.

"Is it really true that a man can be unlucky—that is, continually falling into misfortunes through absolutely no fault of his own? Or is man's ill-luck due to some defect in himself of which he is unaware?"

I do not think there can be any doubt of this. We may say that there is no such thing as chance, and, in a sense, we are right in so saying, but, so far as the individual is concerned, it is chance. Our clever men tell us about the law of chances, and they explain that there are periods when that law seems to be set aside; and, although it is not very probable at first sight, we know that a run of ten aces or ten deuces does occur—mathematically, the odds are very strong against such a run, yet it occurs. Now, why should not a man come to grief in ten consecutive incidents of life? Why should not a man's life be passed in one of those intervals when the law of chances is making itself very manifest, just the same as a man may pass through this world during a period when that law seems to be "hung up"? Undoubtedly, the ill fortune of which some people complain is due to some defect of which they are unconscious, but which is patent to other people, but it is not always so, and we must admit that bad luck, as generally understood, dogs the steps of certain individuals.

With reference to my reply to J. O., in the issue dated February 17th, concerning the Victoria Cross, several correspondents have written to tell me that I am in error in saying that the coveted decoration is purely a military and naval one, and cannot be earned by a civilian; and they point to the fact that during the Indian Mutiny three civilians won the V.C. One of these gentlemen, by the way, is still in the land of the living; it is Mr. R. L. Mangles, now one of the commissioners of revenue in Bengal. The statement made in that reply was based on high authority, and its accuracy may be judged by recent events. Take the case of Mr. W. Churchill as an instance. From some of the reports of the armoured train affair, it would not be too much to say that this war correspondent deserved the V.C., but he has not been singled out for any military distinction. Mr. Archibald Forbes is another correspondent who has deserved the Cross, but he has not received this distinction. To this gentleman belongs the honour of being the first war correspondent to be mentioned in dispatches; this occurred rather more than twenty years ago, during one of our little wars on the Indian frontier. At the time of the Mutiny, when the V.C. was quite young, it may be supposed that the idea of keeping it as a purely military and naval decoration was not rigidly adhered to.

"I SHOULD like to know," asks CORBYN, "what particular frame of mind, or what combination of circumstances may be said to constitute that condition which is called 'happiness'?" Ah, that is what most people would like to know! The fact is, that it is very difficult, not to say impossible, to mention a mental condition that will apply to everyone. The man who is fond of books finds happiness in those silent, yet eloquent companions; the farmer finds it when attending to his crops, and the housewife experiences it when she sets to work to have "a clear up." Contentment seems to be the best answer, but the trouble comes when you wish to define that word and to explain what it means to be contented, for it is very doubtful whether any human being is, or ever was, or ever will be, contented. There is always something we want, something we should much like to have. Moreover, absolute contentment, if such a thing could be, would mean stagnation; it is the discontented person—that is, the man who is not entirely satisfied with the conditions under which he lives—who makes progress and keeps the world moving. The best way in which to insure happiness is to make the best of everything, and, while keeping one's eyes open for chances of improving one's condition or position, not to allow oneself to forget the present by hungering after future possibilities.

RESULT OF THE
SECOND SILHOUETTE COMPETITION.

In this competition 112 competitors were absolutely correct, and the first and second prizes have been lumped together, with the result that £80 is divided amongst them. A list of these winners may be had on application. The fifty stereoscopes and pencil-cases which were offered have been sent to the next most nearly correct competitors. Below will be found a copy of the key:

1, Tortoise Shell Tobacco; 2, Edwards' Deacidified Soup and F. Bippingill's Stoves; 3, Carter's Little Liver Pills; 4, Potter's Datura Asthma Cure; 5, Guy's Tonic; 6, Gerard's Pastilles; 7, Clarke's Carlton Tobacco; 8, Tibble's Vi-Cocoa; 9, Berry's Blacking; 10, Baine's Globe Polish; 11, Needham's Metal Polishing Paste (Pickering and Son); 12, Lytle's Golden Syrup; 13, Bovril; 14, Gamage's Cycling Shoes; 15, Woodward's Grape Water; 16, White Label Sauce; 17, Ogden's Guinea Gold Cigarettes; 18, Swallow Camera; 19, Diamond Dyes; 20, United Kingdom Tea Company; 21, McNish (Password Doctors) Special Whiskey; 22, Corazzi's Tomato Soup; 23, Hovis; 24, Fry's Cocoa; 25, Borax; 26, Eno's Fruit Salt; 27, Warner's Sale Cars; 28, Pettigrow and Stephen Shirts and Cuffs; 29, Chocolate Devona; 30, Bovril; 31, Homococ; 32, Bovril; 33, Ivy Soap; 34, Eno's Fruit Salt; 35, Klaus's Milk Chocolate; 36, Beecham's; 37, Gerard's Pastilles; 38, Gerard's Pastilles; 39, Bond's Castor Soap; 40, Tibble's Vi-Cocoa.

"IN the February number of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE," writes H. P., "there is a plate of Lord Roberts on his famous white charger, now dead. I observe that attached to the belly-hand of the charger there is a medal. Was this medal awarded the horse?"

By special permission of Her Majesty the Queen, Bob's charger received the Afghan medal with four clasps and the Cabul and Candahar Star.

"A FRIEND of mine maintains that the act of admiration tends to make us good," writes G. N. "Personally, I find it difficult to understand this. Will you give us the benefit of your opinion?" It may induce both good and bad. If the object of your admiration is a good man or a learned man, you are incited by your very admiration to follow his footsteps to the best of your ability; on the other hand, it is a fact—and this fact can be easily proved in the lower quarters of great cities—that wickedness itself commands the admiration of a not inconsiderable number of persons. Among criminals and those who are criminally inclined, the notorious deeds of certain infamous rascals, commonly excite admiration and even envy; our boys try to imitate highwaymen and housebreakers of former times, and the representation of plays founded on the careers of such individuals is held to be against the public morals. This fact in itself demonstrates that admiration may make us bad, and the reverse holds equally good.

"WHICH is the article most commonly stolen?" is the question that has suggested itself to J. P.

The purse. More than ten per cent. of the larcenies brought before the courts are for purse robberies. Three-fourths of the purses stolen are taken from ladies. Watches come next in order of precedence.

Two correspondents have written to me about the Queen's Shilling; S. M. J. would like to know the origin, and KHAKI has had a dispute as to whether the shilling is now given to recruits. The shilling is in reality "earnest money" given to bind the contract; this originated in the time of Edward III. That monarch and his successors, during their wars with France, resorted to the practice of making contracts with men of rank to influence their dependents to enlist; at that time the earnest money was rather a bounty. On the formation of a standing army this rule was confirmed. Enlistments are now regulated by the Act of 1870, which does not specify the amount of the bounty or earnest money, but leaves it to the discretion of the recruiting officer. However, the shilling is usually given; for instance, the men of the City Imperial Volunteers received a bright new shilling each when they were enrolled as soldiers of the Queen.

FRESH AIR FUND.

Amount Previously Acknowledged, £252 Os. 5½d.

Lazarus Bros., £2 2s.; Cadbury, Pratt and Co., £2 2s.; J. Bower, £1; R. C. Barnes, £1 1s.; J. L. Bayle, 2s. 6d.; per J. Cameron, 6d.; A Friend, £1.

Grand (P.W.) Total, £259 8s. 5½d.

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Messrs. R. A. THOMPSON & Co. are our Sole Agents in Sydney (180 Pitt Street), Melbourne (362 Little Collins Street), Brisbane (Edmund Street), Adelaide (7 King William Street), and Cape Town (38 Loop Street). P.W. can also be obtained in Paris at Neal's Library, 248 Rue Rivoli, and at the principal kiosks.

Printed and Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON LTD., at Pearson's Weekly Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

The Twentieth Century Begins on January 1st, 1901, and Potchefstroom is the Capital of the Transvaal.
IF ITS IN P.W., ITS SO.



STILL TRIUMPHANT THE HIT OF THE CENTURY



**Model 5.
THE ABOVE FIGURE**
Represents the First Half-Guinea Costume ever placed upon the Market.

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We place these Costumes side by side, and the comparison immediately becomes odious; but, in linking the Present with the Past, we show at a glance the strides we have made. For this reason we are proud to own the design on this page—

Origin-ators of Half-Guinea Costumes for Ladies



The JOHN NOBLE Costume of To-day

Unequaled in Cut! Unequaled in Make!
Unequaled in Design! Unequaled in Material!

Unequaled in the Power to Please!

Our Sketch is no exaggeration of its appearance, and with truth it may be said that of the many Masterpieces we have the honour to boast this one

Outrivals all Others

Such evidence of our progressiveness will tax the ingenuity of imitators to come within selling distance of the standard we create, for it means better value for the People,

And Challenges the World

to produce anything approaching it.

YOU TAKE NO RISK in testing the truth of this announcement, for we undertake to **REFUND YOUR CASH** in the very unlikely event of the Costume not giving satisfaction.

Patterns of the Materials sent Post Free to all applicants.

FANCY STRAW TOQUE as sketch 1800, with Chenille crown, trimmed wings and ribbon, price 3/11. Carriage 6d.

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10/6

in any part of the world.

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JOHN NOBLE COSTUME COATING,
a lighter cloth, showing a softer smoother finish. Has American Revers, fitting back and loose front. Fastens with barrel buttons, but may be worn open or closed. Skirt, the latest full shape, and the complete Costume is only 10/6, 10/6 postage 6d. extra. Skirt alone, 5/6, carriage, 3d. extra.

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SIZES IN STOCK at figures 34, 36, and 38 in. round bust under arms; & 24, 26, and 28 in. round waist; the Skirts being 38, 40, and 42 ins. long in front. Larger or special sizes made to measure for 1/6 extra.

The **SERGE** or **COATING** from which this Costume is made can be bought in the piece at 7/6 the Dress Length of 6yd., 58in. wide. Carriage 6d. ex.



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NEVER WITHOUT BEECHAM'S PILLS

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Bilious and Nervous Disorders,
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Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Vendors everywhere, in
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It is Efficacious, Economical. Cleanses the Teeth, Removes Tartar, Prevents Decay, and is a pleasant and reliable Dentifrice.

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